the weekly
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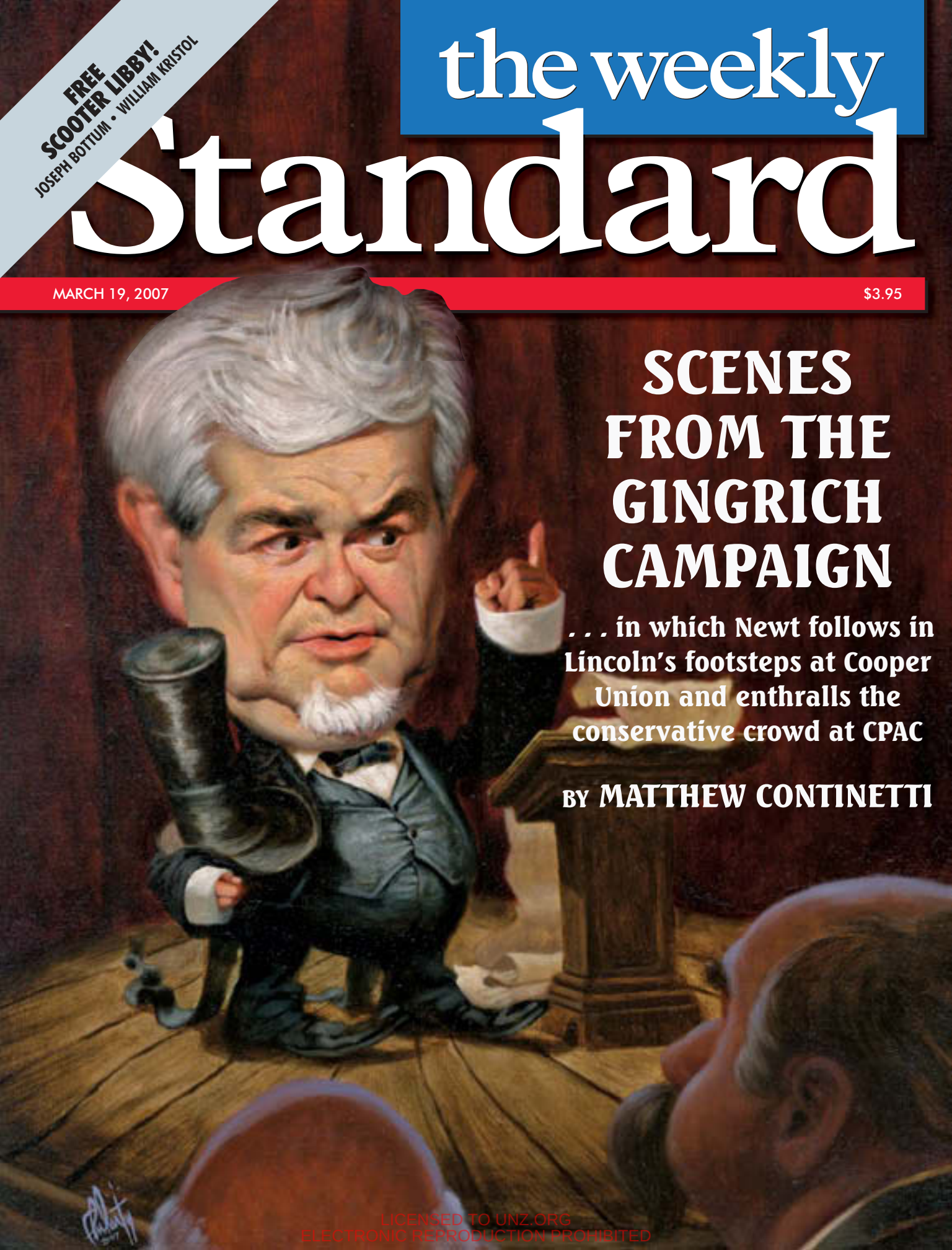

SCENES FROM THE GINGRICH CAMPAIGN

. . . in which Newt follows in Lincoln's footsteps at Cooper Union and enthralls the conservative crowd at CPAC

BY MATTHEW CONTINETTI

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—Ying Ma

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—Thomas H. Henriksen

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Valerie Plame's CIA

Great news for unemployed, pothead liberal law students: The CIA is hiring, and you're the target demographic! We refer you to the website of the CIA's Office of General Counsel (*https://www.cia.gov/ogc*) where you will find featured an excerpt from the book *America's Greatest Places to Work With a Law Degree.* The book, in turn, describes the following testimonials as coming "from lawyers in the [Office of General Counsel]."

> There are many, many misconceptions people have about working for the CIA. Actually, people are surprised when they hear that the CIA has a General Counsel's Office *at all!* . . . Another misconception is that the CIA is extraordinarily conservative. That's totally not the case. I'd say that most people here would consider themselves very liberal. . . .
>
> Another big misconception has to do with who gets into the CIA. There's a totally wrong-headed picture in people's minds that if you've ever smoked a joint, you can't get into the CIA. That's not true. Maybe you'd say, "Oh, when I was a freshman in college, I'd light up a doobie, I drank a lot, but when I got to law school, I grew up, and I don't do that anymore." That's not going to remove you from consideration. . . . There are a lot of people who self-select out, thinking that because of some old, casual drug use they won't get in. That's a shame.

The idea that the CIA is ideologically hostile to the White House—and that this is the political motive for the long-running investigation of the leak of CIA agent Valerie Plame's identity—might strike those outside Washington as far-fetched. Yet as Stephen F. Hayes put it in these pages a year and a half ago:

> When the history of this damaging episode is written, two leaks will stand out as having been most consequential. One of them is famous: the alleged leak to columnist Robert Novak that led to the compromising of CIA operative Valerie Plame. But there was another big leak that no one seems to care about: the leak of the CIA's referral to the Justice Department concerning the Plame matter. That second disclosure, perhaps even more than the initial leak, set off the chain of events that resulted in the naming of a special prosecutor.

Could that second leak have come from the CIA's lawyers? As they themselves might put it: Totally! ♦

William and Mary Sees the Light

Just in time for the 400th anniversary of the English settlement in Jamestown, the College of William and Mary, in nearby Williamsburg, seems to have had an attack of common sense about the display of "religious symbols" in its historic Wren Chapel.

The saga began last October when William and Mary's president, Gene R. Nichol, ordered the removal of an 18-inch brass cross from the premises, in order to make the chapel "equally open and welcoming to all." The Faculty Assembly supported Nichol's action—no surprise there—but alumni erupted into open rebellion, including one who withdrew a $12 million pledge.

That inspired President Nichol to do what any modern college administrator would do under the circumstances: He promptly appointed a 14-member committee to examine the role of religion in public universities. And The Scrapbook is pleased to report that the committee actually recommended the cross be restored by producing, in Nichol's words, "a compromise that allows for the permanent display of the cross in the chapel, while remaining welcoming to all."

Now, The Scrapbook does not believe that crosses ought to be displayed on every American campus. But The Scrapbook does insist that religious symbols are not just intrinsic to most chapels (!) but are frequently part—and a very important part—of institutional history. The College of William and Mary was founded as an Anglican institution in 1693, which is what prompted the nearby Bruton Parish Church to donate the cross in question in 1940. And the fact that William and Mary became a Virginia state institution a century ago does not render these facts null and void.

So, we are pleased to report a victory in one skirmish of the cultural war, and with a settlement that ought to leave all sides of the argument satisfied. The Scrapbook has no doubt that when Iran's Mahmoud Ahmadinejad comes to Williamsburg a few years hence to collect his inevitable honorary degree, he may be made to feel welcome by temporarily shrouding the cross from view. ♦

Dept. of No Comment

Chris Matthews: "What did you think of the prosecutor, Fitzgerald?"

Redington: "Very earnest, nice person."

Matthews: "Almost virginal,

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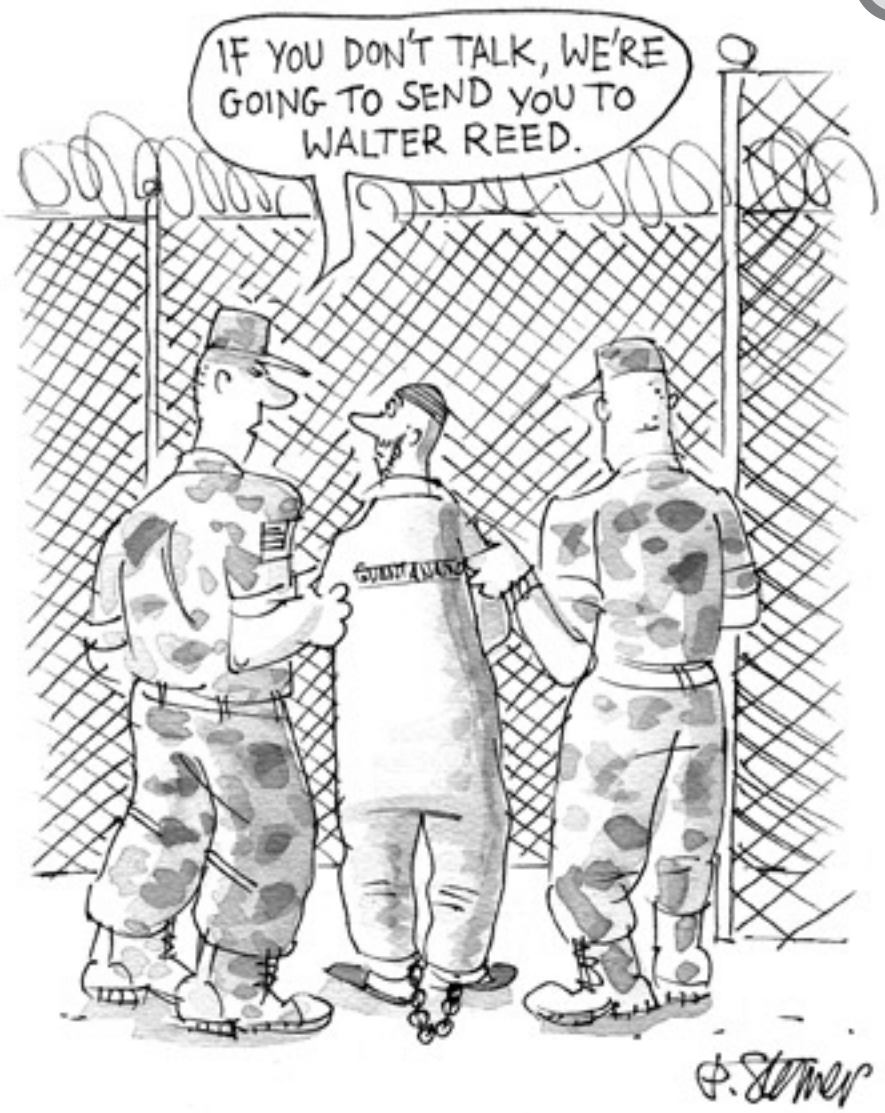

right? Didn't he seem like a real straight arrow to you? Like he had never been married, never had a date, never had a hangover, never had anything?"

REDINGTON: "No, that didn't strike —no."

—Chris Matthews interviews Libby trial juror Ann Redington on Hardball, *March 7, 2007*

The New Pooh

Disney is releasing a new animated *Winnie the Pooh* series later this year, *My Friends Tigger & Pooh*, which the columnist James Lileks notes at his website (*www.lileks.com/bleats*) will "introduce a six-year-old girl in Christopher [Robin]'s stead. I'm sure she's spunky and adventurous and kind and empowered," writes Lileks, "and I'm just as sure my daughter will find her boring, because kids can smell pedantic condescending twaddle nine miles off. . . . Here's the part that makes me truly sad: The little girl wears a bike helmet. Because you could fall down in the 100 Acre Woods and hurt yourself.

"I swear, they're going to put airbags on Barbie's Pegasus next, and require thick corks on the point of all unicorn horns." ♦

The BBC's 'Moral Maze'

Our occasional contributor Joseph Loconte notes a particularly annoying episode of the BBC radio show "Moral Maze" in a blog post at *britainandamerica.com*: "Michael Portillo, a former Conservative party Shadow Chancellor and professed agnostic, fretted about politicians who claim any connection to the Divine. . . . 'If President Bush thinks that God has told him to topple Saddam Hussein, then there's no defense in logic against another man who says that his god told him to bomb a discotheque or fly planes into buildings.'"

Writes Loconte: "This bit of anti-Bush propaganda has crisscrossed the Atlantic for years now. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., the late historian, used the slur to dismiss Mr. Bush as 'a fanatic' and a threat to democracy. 'The most dangerous people in the world today,' he wrote, 'are those who persuade themselves that they are executing the will of the Almighty.' . . .

"This obtuse slander was repeated several times during the BBC broadcast, yet left unchallenged. . . . Nowhere and at no time has Mr. Bush ever claimed that God told him to attack Iraq. He has, in fact, rebuffed the very idea repeatedly. Likewise, the president has made clear, on numerous occasions, that America's confrontation with radical Islam is not a holy war. His prayers, he says, are for strength and guidance for the demands of leadership—prayers uttered in one form or another by most of the men who held the office before him." ♦

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Casual

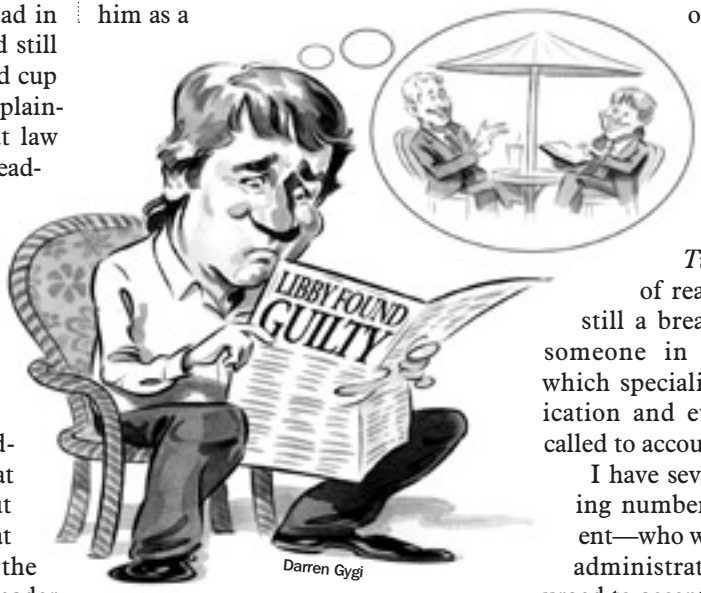
No Good Deed . . .

It was Scooter Libby who introduced me to the Washington horror known as "the breakfast meeting." That was back in 1996, as I remember. I hadn't met him before, but I'd just reviewed his novel, *The Apprentice,* and he sent me a thank-you note, diffidently suggesting that the next time I was in D.C. we might sit down and talk about books for an hour.

Unfortunately, the hour he had in mind was 7:00 to 8:00 A.M., and still sleepy midway through my third cup of coffee, I finally snapped—explaining to him in a snarl the great law that binds all night-owl book readers: Anyone who actually has something to say about the structure of James Joyce's *Ulysses* is incapable of saying it before noon. 11:15, in a pinch.

He leaned back in the restaurant booth for an instant, offended, I think—then suddenly laughed and gave me that odd smile I remember best about him, his mouth in a wry twist that showed you the other side of the smooth K Street lawyer: the reader, the novelist, the ironic observer. From then on, we met for late lunches and even later dinners. It was always hard to get him out in the evening: He refused to turn the children over to the babysitter until he'd read them to sleep, which made it 9:00 before he could join us—talking nonstop about books he'd read, their plot devices and narrative techniques, until he finally remembered he had a breakfast meeting with someone from the FCC the next morning, and wrenched himself away.

God, I hate this. The obituary voice, the fond remembrance, the hunt for the telling detail—all the tricks writers use to talk about the newly dead. We used to laugh together about grown men who somehow never managed to shed their boyhood nicknames, but no laughter is left in him. We used to sketch out together ideas for bad mystery thrillers, but no lightness remains. Scooter Libby is a talented, multifaceted man with a sense of public service—and Washington used him as a pawn in a stupid political gambit and swept him from the board. I want to weep when I think that this man was tried and convicted. I want to weep when I think he is likely to go to prison.



Darren Gygi

For let's remember what this was all really about. A black spot was being passed from hand to hand in Washington. Somebody was going to end up with it, and Scooter Libby was the unlucky one. Forget the lies Joseph Wilson told; forget the jovial leak from Richard Armitage to Robert Novak that started it all; forget what Scooter said or didn't say to the grand jury about conversations with reporters. The case was a political trial from the beginning—and the opponents lined up in a properly political way. One side wanted to use Scooter Libby as a step ladder to reach up and pull down someone higher. The other side wanted to make sure that the case ended with Libby.

I never saw much concern from either side about the man himself. I still don't. In its chortling editorial after the verdict was announced, the *New York Times* admitted that one of its own reporters had been jailed in the course of the investigation and a general legal respect for reporters' promises of confidentiality had been forever swept away. You'd think these would be frightening developments for a newspaper. But, no, it turns out the political purpose of Scooter Libby's prosecution trumps all that. "The potential damage" for the press, the *Times* agreed, "remains of real concern. But it was still a breath of fresh air to see someone in this administration, which specializes in secrecy, prevarication and evading blame, finally called to account."

I have several friends—a surprising number with real literary talent—who were invited to help this administration. And each one I urged to accept the appointment. You owe it to your country, I said, particularly in times like these. Public service is a duty you can't refuse, when your turn comes.

Never again. *Bene vixit, bene qui latuit*, Ovid once warned ambitious young men about the bloodsports of ancient Roman politics: "He lives well who is well hidden." Good advice, I suppose. Keep your head down. Don't look for trouble. Stay under the radar. Cultivate your own garden. It's just that, until now, I never really believed this was America. I never really believed this was us.

Joseph Bottum

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Think of the Children

Regarding Douglas A. Sylva's "Trick or Treat Feminism" (Mar. 5): UNICEF has only one agenda, which is to save and improve the lives of children. This is done by furthering the Millennium Development Goals—the quantifiable targets that address serious issues facing humanity. UNICEF has always placed importance on the health and well-being of women as mothers and as important members of their families, communities, and nations. Addressing issues of women's health and well-being does not detract from our focus on children. On the contrary, they are inextricably linked.

Unhealthy and malnourished mothers are less likely to give birth to healthy children. Ensuring that children thrive begins before they are born; it begins with making sure that their mothers have access to nutrition, health care, safe water and sanitation, and education. Simply put, children need healthy mothers.

Our mission and work are also tied to the strength and independence of the family as a whole. UNICEF believes that the best environment for raising children is within a loving, supportive family. UNICEF wants strong families, healthy mothers, responsible fathers, and support services and assistance that will help parents and families do better by their children. We strive to reunite families separated during natural disasters and civil conflict and work to support the millions of children who have lost one or both parents to AIDS. UNICEF has worked tirelessly to improve the lives of children by providing them with nutrition, health care, education, and protection. UNICEF devotes more than half of its budget to early childhood development, immunization, and programs that tackle such childhood killers as malaria, pneumonia, diarrhea, and malnutrition. UNICEF's work is as broad and complex as the world around us. Children continue to be immunized against deadly diseases; provided with access to safe water and sanitation; and have access to schools where girls and boys are protected from violence, abuse, and exploitation. UNICEF's work

also supports the millions of children whose lives have been devastated by HIV/AIDS and gives young people the tools they need to protect themselves from the pandemic. Sylva's distortion of UNICEF's mission does a disservice to the world's poorest children, as well as to the millions of loyal supporters—men, women, and children—who make our work possible.

Saad Houry
UNICEF, Division of Policy and Planning
New York, N.Y.

Douglas A. Sylva responds: Although Saad Houry claims that I distort UNICEF's agenda, Houry does not address the central argument of my article, that UNICEF's 2007 State of the World's Children report—a document solely about women—continues the radical feminist transformation of the agency begun under the leadership of Carol Bellamy. In fact, a hint of the current ideology of the agency can be seen in the very way in which Houry describes UNICEF's priorities for parents: UNICEF seeks "healthy mothers," but only "responsible fathers." Aren't healthy fathers also important to children? Houry makes the claim that "more than half of [UNICEF's] budget" is still devoted to child health and survival, but, unfortunately, this is the same level of funding that UNICEF devoted to child survival during the Bellamy era, when the British medical journal *Lancet* lamented, "child survival must sit at the core of UNICEF's advocacy and country work. Currently, and shamefully, it does not."

Instead of joining the ever-burgeoning crowd of international organizations devoted to women's issues, UNICEF should return to its original mandate of saving children, a mandate that made it the most respected agency in the United Nations system.

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Pardon Libby Now

"The President . . . shall have Power to grant Reprieves and Pardons for Offenses against the United States."
Constitution of the United States, Article II, Section 2

"Humanity and good policy conspire to dictate, that the benign prerogative of pardoning should be as little as possible fettered or embarrassed. The criminal code of every country partakes so much of necessary severity, that without an easy access to exceptions in favor of unfortunate guilt, justice would wear a countenance too sanguinary and cruel."
Alexander Hamilton, *Federalist #74*

Let us stipulate—appealing to the authority of such diverse legal authorities as David Boies and Victoria Toensing—that the Scooter Libby perjury case should not have been brought in the first place. It is also true that decisions by the trial judge made it difficult for Libby's team to put its best defense forward and that a D.C. jury was going to be tough for any Bush-Cheney official. Still, the verdict of guilty on the part of the jury was, as Hamilton might put it, "unfortunate."

Now, if the jurors didn't believe—based on the evidence they were allowed to see, and the instructions they were given—that Libby's memory was honestly flawed, they presumably had little choice but to bring in the verdict they did. As William Rawle put it in 1829 in his *A View of the Constitution of the United States*, in the course of explaining the need for a pardon power, "If the law is plain, the duty of the tribunal is to conform to it, because the law is as compulsory on the tribunal as on the offender." But having said that, Rawle continues: "The condition of society would be miserable if the severity of the law could in no form be mitigated, and if those considerations which ought not to operate on a jury and a judge could have no influence elsewhere."

It seems clear to us that those considerations which ought not to operate on a jury *do* operate in this case, and operate strongly in favor of a presidential pardon. To mention only two: There was no underlying crime and Libby was not responsible for the appearance of Valerie Plame's name in Robert Novak's column. Perhaps that is why, the day after the verdict, one of the jurors—Ann Redington—allowed that while the jurors did their job well, there was an injustice in the outcome that argued for a pardon.

We agree. And now is the time for it. If the president does intend to pardon Libby, there is no reason to wait. The president will learn nothing important about the case during the appeals process that he doesn't already know. He told an interviewer Wednesday, "I'm pretty much going to stay out of it" until the case has run its course. Why? There's no good reason now for him "to stay out of it." This whole prosecution happened only because of a desire by Bush's agents—the attorney general and the deputy attorney general—to "stay out of it" in late 2003, which led to the appointment of Fitzgerald as an unaccountable special prosecutor.

The argument for continuing to stay out of it is presumably that the verdict could be overturned on appeal, and Bush wouldn't have to make a tough decision. But the core of the injustice—that the case was brought at all—was produced by a dereliction of duty by the executive branch. Bush is the head of the executive branch. He should rectify that earlier mistake—not hope some judges take him off the hook.

What's more, Bush won't be able to "stay out of it." Others will continue to place his White House at the very heart of it, as the Libby appeals move forward. After all, Libby's lawyers foolishly (or perhaps desperately) introduced at trial the notion that Libby was a "fall guy"—which would seem to legitimize the notion there was a conspiracy, of which Libby was a part, though a less important part than others. Each time a legal paper is filed, a new anti-Bush news cycle will erupt. So if the White House wants to minimize opportunities for fresh speculation about how the Libby case is part of some broader conspiracy, the president should act now.

On Wednesday, Tony Snow tried to shut off what will be an endless line of inquiry as long as the Libby case is alive: "I think there has been an attempt to try to use this as a great big wheelbarrow in which to dump a whole series of unrelated issues and say, 'Aha.' And it is what it is; it's a case involving Scooter Libby and his recollections, and we're just not going to comment further on it." But this is not going to work. If the case of Scooter Libby, fall guy, continues, the wheelbarrow will roll along with it.

Bush has an interest in being as strong an executive as possible for the remainder of his presidency. So does the country. This argues for an immediate pardon. Everyone who would be outraged by a pardon now would in any event spend the next year and a half being outraged at the prospect of a postelection pardon. But many of those who are demoralized now by Libby's conviction, and by the administration's passivity in defense of its people and policies, would be reinvigorated by a pardon.

As the Bard put it in a slightly different context, "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well / It were done quickly."

—*William Kristol*

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Cheerleader in Chief

Bush keeps White House spirits up.

BY FRED BARNES

The White House staff reflects the president. This is obvious to the point of being a truism. Yet it needs to be remembered in the context of a Bush presidency smacked by Scooter Libby's felony conviction, the Walter Reed Army Medical Center scandal, and the overblown flap over the firing of eight U.S. attorneys. And of course there's still the war in Iraq, which remains unpopular. Given all this, why hasn't the president's staff drifted into despair and gloom and given up? Because President Bush hasn't.

Bush's relentlessly upbeat demeanor, which he flaunts at press conferences and other public events, infuriates his political opponents and much of the mainstream media. They want him to act like the broken man they think he should be. Sorry, but he's a healthy man, mentally and physically. He's bolstered by his religious faith, his sense of mission, his scorn for elite opinion, and what an aide calls "his really good physical shape." Exercise and sleep help to "keep his spirits high," the aide says.

Bush has retained, despite low approval ratings and fierce criticism, a capacity for enthusiasm. In early March, he spent 45 minutes in the Oval Office in a one-on-one conversation with British historian Andrew Roberts. He had read Roberts's new book, *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples Since 1900* (see review on page 29).

Roberts is a Thatcherite. He's strongly pro-American and pro-Iraq war. Among other things, Bush and Roberts talked about the decline of Europe and the role in this played by the shrunken influence of Christianity. By the time they broke for lunch, the president was "revved up," an aide says. His fervor was infectious. "Roberts is more conservative than I am!" a pleasantly surprised White House official exclaimed.

Newscom / Reuters / Jason Reed

Bush with Brazilian President Lula da Silva, March 9

Bush's steadfast attitude has contributed to the combative approach the White House has taken toward the newly Democratic Congress. The president's aides, particularly from the National Security Council, have flooded Capitol Hill to lobby for the defeat of antiwar resolutions. "They're fired up on Iraq," a Senate official says.

Last week, the president declared his intention to veto legislation funding the war in Iraq moments after Democrats in the Senate and House announced they intend to attach amendments setting a timetable for the withdrawal of American troops. The lack of hesitation was partly due to the demanding style of Josh Bolten, the White House chief of staff. Bolten's view—and presumably Bush's—is that if you're going to do something, do it swiftly. And that, by the way, is exactly what the White House did in response to the Walter Reed scandal, instantly denouncing the poor treatment of wounded soldiers and hastily naming a commission to recommend improvements.

What has cheered congressional Republicans is the White House's eagerness to fight back on a wide range of issues, not just on Iraq and the war on terror. "They're tired [at the White House] but you don't get the sense they're giving up," a Senate official insists. "From Bush on down, they haven't stopped fighting back. If they do, it'll be trouble up here" on Capitol Hill for Republicans.

The Republican defeat in last fall's election has changed the White House's relationship with congressional Republicans. When they can get away with it, presidents and their aides treat members of Congress as underlings obligated to follow the White House on all issues. Now, with Bush a lame duck and Democrats in control of Congress, the president isn't so dominant and Republicans aren't so docile.

The result is that Bush spends more time listening to congressional Republicans. Or, as a Bush aide describes it, "our level of engagement with our allies on Capitol Hill has increased in a serious way." This has filtered down to the president's press office. Since

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February, Bush press aides have conducted twice-weekly conference calls with spokesmen for Republican leaders on Capitol Hill. Press Secretary Tony Snow often joins the calls.

Bush's humbler approach has also influenced his effort to enact immigration reform. Last year, the president and his aides were ready for him to sign a bill opposed by a majority of Republicans in both the Senate and House. The sweeping measure was supported passionately by Democrats. Now, Bush aides—led by Karl Rove—are negotiating with key Republican opponents of last year's bill, notably Senators John Cornyn and Jon Kyl, for a scaled-back version of immigration reform. "We're listening to the Hill," a Bush lobbyist says.

Bush and his aides are listening to Republicans as well at the president's regular meetings with bipartisan leaders in Congress. Republicans found that Democrats had a bigger voice at the sessions. So, with White House approval, Republican leaders decided to convene the day before and decide on a plan for the bicameral meeting.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, the Libby conviction scarcely fazed the president's staff. Aides were saddened but not surprised. The expectation was that, even if Libby had been acquitted, he wouldn't be returning to the White House. Besides, the jury's verdict was "an individual judgment, not an institutional judgment," an official says. In other words, the conviction applied only to Libby's conduct and not the White House's. That may sound like a cold appraisal, but it's true.

Almost alone in Washington, the White House is optimistic about Iraq. "Think where we were two months ago," an aide says. "The sense in Washington was that the floor was collapsing in Iraq. It looked like Senator [John] Warner would soon be taking a trip to the Oval Office to tell the president the war can no longer be sustained." Now the president believes "progress" is being made in Iraq. And if he's hopeful, so is everyone else at the White House. ♦

Continental Drift

Europe gets even less serious.

BY GERARD BAKER

London

It is four years this month since the 60-year-old transatlantic alliance, the pillar of European security, the bridge uniting the two great centers of Western civilization, nearly collapsed amid the diplomatic traumas that preceded the Iraq war. Four years later—with the United States mired in a messy and still inconclusive war, and European governments anxious not to repeat the missteps that threatened potentially ruinous rifts on their own, historically fractious, continent—there is much optimistic talk about a revived alliance. Diplomats on both sides say, and many even seem to believe, that the transatlantic partnership has been brought back from the brink, and is once again playing a central role in global security. They speak of progress in transatlantic efforts to defuse Iran's nuclear program, to bring a lasting peace to Lebanon, and to move the Balkans steadily toward a lasting stability.

The Bush administration, which in the pre-Iraq period seemed to go out of its way to poke Europeans in the eye, has in the last few years been whispering sweet nothings into their ears. Nicholas Burns, the undersecretary of state for political affairs, told the Atlantic Council in Washington last month that all was unity and peace again: "I think I can say with great confidence, and I think most European diplomats would say the same, that [the] alliance is now back together again."

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In Europe, the public version is that the two sides have indeed converged, and that areas of agreement now far outweigh in number and importance areas of contention. In private, Europeans will tell you, with undisguised glee, that the reason things are calm again is that they have won all their arguments against the now battered and worn-out Bush administration. They note that a majority of Americans now share their view that the United States should never have gone to war in Iraq. They say that the brutal political realities of Iraq have induced a change of tone and substance from the White House since those rough days of 2002-03.

Events in the last few months give a hint of how much American policy has evolved towards Europe's. The cash-for-nuclear-suspension deal with North Korea is deemed a belated but welcome shift back to U.S. multilateralism. Talks concerning Iraq's future, with Syrians and Iranians participating, are planned for the weekend of March 10 in Baghdad and taken as further proof that the United States has gone all European. E.U. diplomats hear, perhaps strangest and sweetest of all, the gentle music of concern about global warming emanating from the White House.

Many of the personae that dominated the drama four years ago have exited. On the U.S. side the removal of Donald Rumsfeld as defense secretary last November was, for Europeans, the next best thing after the near-miss of John Kerry's election in 2004. But in Europe, too, Rumsfeld's principal antagonists have largely left the stage. Gerhard Schröder, the German chancellor, has gone on to

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pursue more lucrative opportunities with his friends in Moscow, replaced by the profoundly Atlanticist Angela Merkel. In France, Jacques Chirac is entering the final two months of a calamitous presidency, derided and unmourned. The narrow favorite to replace him is Nikolas Sarkozy, a man who, if his past is any guide to his future, is the nearest French politics has to an Americophile. Tony Blair may be exiting to a chorus of Iraq-inspired boos in Britain, but no one thinks Gordon Brown, his anointed successor, will significantly change the U.K.'s commitment in Iraq or its centuries-long alliance with Washington.

It's quite easy, then, to endorse the view that what happened a few years ago was all some terrible aberration, an unwelcome but brief interruption in Atlantic unity. And it's hard to dispute that the Europeans are right that America has indeed discovered the perils of unilateralism and finally come again to sample the pacific balm of European multilateralist wisdom. Yet while no one can seriously doubt that the Bush administration has made some catastrophic errors, it would be unwise to invest too heavily in the European model of statesmanship. The brutal reality is that in the last four years, on what matters most to America, Europe has actually become an even less reliable ally than it seemed back in the tumultuous days before the Iraq war. To get a sense of Europe's priorities, and how they are shifting in the new transatlantic environment, consider the tale of two meetings.

Later this month the German government will host celebrations to mark the 50th anniversary of the Treaty of Rome, the covenant that marked the birth of the institution that became the European Union. Chancellor Merkel and her 26 fellow heads of government will use the occasion to launch the Berlin Declaration, a document intended to serve as the signposts for the future evolution of the E.U. The final details of the declaration are still under negotiation but the outlines are clear.

After the usual self-congratulatory preamble paying stirring tribute to the E.U.'s role in preserving the peace and generating prosperity over the last 50 years, the document will address the challenges of the future. What challenges are these? Terrorism, perhaps, nuclear proliferation, the spread in Europe and the Middle East of Islamist ideology? Wrong on all counts.

Putin in Munich

epa / Corbis / Guido Bergmann

On its 50th birthday, the E.U. will commit itself to fighting global warming, the economic dislocations caused by globalization, and, most courageous of all, the institutional shortcomings of the union itself. This last means, by the way, at least in the German view, a resurrection of the European constitution, the blueprint for a nascent federal European state that was, you may remember, roundly rejected by voters in France and the Netherlands two years ago.

Last month in Seville, Spain, there was a rather different sort of meeting. NATO's defense ministers met to discuss an urgent request to commit more troops and equipment to the war in Afghanistan from General Bantz Craddock. The ministers heard a sobering assessment from Gen. Craddock of the stalled progress in Afghanistan and of the probability of a spring offensive against the United States and NATO forces by the Taliban and al Qaeda. The response, according to one official present, was negative.

One by one, European defense ministers explained why they could not or would not contribute significant numbers. Some, like Britain and the Netherlands, are already seriously overstretched. Most others, led by the Germans, the French, and the Belgians, expressed mild sympathy but much skepticism about the entire Afghan operation. "They don't share our view of the scale and nature of the threat that Afghanistan represents," says a U.S. official who was there. This, remember, is not Iraq, which many European governments opposed, but Afghanistan, "the good war," the fight against the people who gave us September 11. This is the struggle that was prefigured when the NATO governments invoked for the first time in the alliance's history Article V, the collective defense clause, pledging to do what was necessary to defend their allies.

The juxtaposition of these two contrasting meetings provides an intriguing insight into the European-based view of the world. The important fights, the struggles for which European governments are willing to commit themselves, are over carbon emissions standards for a climate threat that may be 100 years away, subsidies for well-paid workers threatened by cheap competition from China, and, of course, a plan for moving the E.U. away from a rotating presidency toward a fixed one.

What this demonstrates is, after all the accommodations the United

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States has made over the last four years, how far apart Europe and America truly are. This gulf applies not just to Afghanistan. Consider European responses to the deteriorating situation in Russia. Last month Vladimir Putin marched into the very cockpit of the transatlantic alliance, the annual Munich Security Conference, and flipped a frosty Moscow finger at the assembled Europeans and Americans.

He attacked the United States as a bullying unilateralist that was tearing up international law. But just as the Europeans in the audience were nodding in approval, the Russian president turned on them too. He denounced NATO's expansion to Russia's borders and even found time to insult the Organization for Security Cooperation in Europe, the stately body that has been aiding and promoting democratic reform in the former Soviet bloc, as a "vulgar" institution.

The initial reaction, even from Europeans, was hostile. But on reflection, they seemed to decide that a supportive cringe would be more appropriate. A senior German official told me that there was much in what Putin had said that would resonate in Europe. The *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, a supposedly sober newspaper, blamed the United States for the new Cold War atmosphere, saying it had created "the opportunity for Putin to set himself up as the powerful voice of the growing number of countries and peoples who are stricken by doubt in the wisdom of Western policies." This, sadly, for all the continent's boastful claims of a new transatlantic partnership, is the true voice of modern Europe: a Europe that refuses to fight a war, to which it has pledged itself, against terrorists in Afghanistan; a Europe that declines to stand up to a Russian president who condemns its efforts to spread democracy even as his KGB friends eliminate their critics in European capitals. The transatlantic partnership may be back together again. Whether it stands for anything is much less clear. ♦

The Theologian and the Historian

When Barth met Schlesinger.

BY ERNEST W. LEFEVER

Time magazine's April 20, 1962, cover story on Karl Barth announced that the great Swiss theologian would visit the United States for the first, and what turned out to be the only, time. Given Barth's well-known anti-American stance, the visit caused a stir in the White House. President Kennedy, then in his second year, was grappling daily with Soviet threats and Khrushchev's boasts. JFK had already suffered two serious Cold War reverses—the Bay of Pigs disaster in Cuba and Khrushchev's raising of the Berlin Wall. Given these realities, Kennedy was not about to welcome Barth to a country whose history Barth had said he loved but whose current "way of life" he professed to scorn.

Barth said among his reasons for coming here were to visit the Gettysburg battlefield (he was a Civil War buff) and to meet several of "the bright young men close to President Kennedy." He specifically mentioned Arthur Schlesinger Jr., then a White House aide.

Given Schlesinger's death on February 28 at age 89, it seems appropriate to recall his encounter with Barth, which took place in my home in Chevy Chase. Since coming to Washington in 1955, I had felt impelled to get religious and political leaders to talk with one another—my rationale for establishing the Ethics and Public Policy Center in 1976.

At the time of Barth's American visit, I was a member of a small discussion group devoted to theology, and we hosted the famous visitor in Washington. Earlier, I had been a foreign policy staffer for Senator Hubert Humphrey during his quest for the presidential nomination against Kennedy, and I knew many of Kennedy's men. So our house was a logical place for Barth to meet Schlesinger and other Kennedy aides, including William Bundy from the Defense Department, AID director Frank Coffin, and Roger Hilsman from the State Department. Each was well informed on foreign policy.

On May 7, 1962, the 75-year-old Barth arrived in his dark-rimmed glasses and rumpled gray suit. He had a twinkle in his eye. Schlesinger, a bit in his cups, arrived after the guests were seated. The four-hour conversation—apparently the only one Barth had in an American home—was revealing.

Our discussion focused on whether Washington or Moscow was more responsible for the Cold War. At one point, Barth asked critically: "Why did you Americans rearm the West Germans?" When we said that Moscow had long since rearmed the East Germans, Barth seemed surprised. He seemed unaware that East Germany had become a front-line fortress in the Soviet Empire.

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During the exchange, Barth kept pressing his political views, each of us patiently correcting his flawed perceptions. At one point Arthur burst out, "You of all people ought to understand these things!" Years later, he told me that Barth reminded him of "a leftover from Henry Wallace's pro-Communist activities in 1948."

Several years before this encounter, Reinhold Niebuhr had called Barth a "man of infinite imagination and irresponsibility." Barth had replied, "Niebuhr is a great man," but if he were to listen to what "Mozart is saying, he wouldn't be so serious all the time."

Barth never mentioned Mozart during our evening together, but his political views could well have been influenced by his strange infatuation with the nonpolitical romanticism of Mozart and his music. In his famous *Letter of Thanks to Mozart*, Barth wrote: "Whenever I listen to you, I am transported to the threshold of a world which, in sunlight and storm, by day and by night, is a good and ordered world." Elsewhere, Barth suggested that in public "the angels play only Bach," but when they are at home they play Mozart. If Barth listened to Mozart less, I mused, and read the newspapers more, he might understand that freedom itself was at stake in the East-West struggle.

Barth's seven weeks in America, including brief visits with Billy Graham and Martin Luther King Jr., opened his eyes. Indeed, in the foreword to his *Evangelical Theology: An Introduction*, written on his return to Switzerland, Barth acknowledged that his visit had given him a more positive impression of America. He had found America "fantastic" and was especially impressed by the Grand Canyon, the Golden Gate Bridge, the Statue of Liberty, the Lincoln Memorial, and a "political evening in Washington . . . with a group of younger men who stood near to the president." He said this was his only serious discussion of U.S. foreign policy with informed Americans.

Indeed, his visit confirmed Samuel Johnson's dictum about travel regulating "imagination by reality." Though the visit brought Barth "intense pleasure," it hardly made him an America booster: "I believe neither in a Soviet heaven on earth, nor in a similar Swiss or American terrestrial paradise." But then, who does?

Six years later, in 1968, Karl Barth died in Basel. He was 82. Some obituaries bracketed him with Augustine, Aquinas, Martin Luther, and John Calvin, each of whom had made seminal contributions to the understanding of Christianity and politics. Regrettably, Barth does not belong in this venerable company. He was simply too otherworldly to comprehend the wonder and tragedy of the human drama, much less to speak truth to those entrusted with the fateful decisions of our time. Barth was a great theologian, Schlesinger a competent historian, and Mozart a timeless artist. ♦

Michael Ramirez

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First, Do Harm . . .

A betrayal of the hospice movement.

BY WESLEY J. SMITH

The American Academy of Hospice and Palliative Medicine has just released a position statement on the issue of physician-assisted suicide, in which it abdicates its core professional responsibility. On the impropriety of permitting doctors to help kill their patients, the association has assumed a position of "studied neutrality."

One of the AAHPM's stated missions is to engage in "public policy advocacy" for hospice and palliative care. Assuming a neutral stance on what may be the most important public policy controversy of our day involving dying people is both a cowardly act and a backdoor repudiation of the long-established philosophy of hospice care, which promises to respect the intrinsic value of each patient's life and to care for dying patients until their natural deaths.

In its "Position Statement on Physician Assisted Death" (PAD is the reigning euphemism for physician-assisted suicide, allowing doctors to pretend they are not participating in the intentional killing of patients), the AAHPM approaches the entire topic with willful naiveté. For example, it states:

> Excellent medical care, including state-of-the-art palliative care, can control most symptoms and augment patients' psychosocial and spiritual resources to relieve most suffering near the end of life. On occasion, however, severe suffering persists; in such a circumstance a patient may ask his physician for assistance in ending his life by providing Physician-assisted Death.

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But Oregon's experiment with state-sanctioned assisted suicide has demonstrated that "severe suffering" is not the cause for most requests for assisted suicide. Rather, patients usually ask for lethal prescriptions due to loss of autonomy, fear over being a burden to their families, losing the ability to engage in enjoyable activities, and losing dignity. These are all important issues, and it is incumbent upon doctors to help patients overcome them. But they do not reflect the severe physical suffering the AAHPM presumes would cause their patients to request assisted suicide.

The association's naiveté is further on display in its proposed "guidelines" to prevent abuses in assisted suicides. It advises physicians practicing in regions where assisted suicide is legal to use "great caution" before helping kill their patients. Such caution should "include assurance" that

- the patient has received the best possible palliative care. The permissibility of PAD is dependent upon access to excellent palliative care. No patient should be indirectly coerced to hasten his death because he lacks the best possible medical and palliative care.
- requests for PAD emanate from a patient with full decision-making capacity.
- all reasonable alternatives to PAD have been considered and implemented if acceptable to the patient.
- the request is voluntary. Safeguards should focus in particular on protection of vulnerable groups including the elderly, frail, poor, or physically and/or mentally handicapped. Coercive influences from family or financial pressure from payors cannot be allowed to play any role.

Here's the thing: Few of these "assurances" are legally required in Oregon, where assisted suicide is already legal. Nor will they be required if pending legislation in California and Vermont to allow physician-assisted suicide becomes law. For example, none requires that suicidal patients actually receive the best possible palliative care before ending their lives. Nor are any meaningful steps required to ensure that the patient is not under "coercive influences from family or financial pressure."

To see how ephemeral such "assurances" really are, consider the 1999 assisted suicide of Oregon Alzheimer's and cancer patient Kate Cheney. (See my "Suicide Unlimited in Oregon," in the November 8, 1999, WEEKLY STANDARD.) Because Cheney was demented, the doctor from whom she requested poison pills sent her to a psychiatrist for evaluation, who determined that Cheney did not possess the "very high capacity required to weigh options about assisted suicide." Moreover, she found that Cheney "does not seem to be explicitly pushing for this" and that Cheney's daughter was the primary advocate for the proposed suicide. Accordingly, the psychiatrist recommended against issuing a lethal prescription.

As has happened in other cases in Oregon, a doctor disapproving of an assisted suicide proved a mere bump in the road. Cheney's daughter simply asked another doctor for a different opinion. The psychologist to which Cheney's HMO then sent her also expressed worries that the request "may be influenced by her family's wishes," but nevertheless recommended in favor of the assisted suicide. In the end, it didn't matter that two independent mental health professionals found familial pressure was being exerted on Cheney; she received the lethal prescription.

The AAHPM properly urges that "medical practitioners carefully scrutinize the sources of fear and suffering leading to the request" for assisted suicide "with the goal of addressing these sources without hastening death," along with practice guidelines for accomplishing these important goals. But this promotion of good

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medical practice rings hollow given the association's explicit neutrality on assisted suicide, which in effect grants member doctors permission to help kill their patients without threatening their good standing with the association.

Such terminal nonjudgmentalism is a profound abandonment of the organization's professed goal of promoting proper hospice care—a philosophy that unequivocally opposes assisted suicide. Perhaps more egregiously, it abandons patients—whose lives depend on ethical doctors acting energetically to relieve suffering while abiding by the Hippocratic Oath's sacred duty to "neither give a deadly drug to anybody who asked for it, nor . . . make a suggestion to this effect." ♦

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Putin's New Friends

Moscow hosts Hamas.

BY MATTHEW LEVITT

In recent congressional testimony, the new director of national intelligence, Admiral Mike McConnell, warned that Russia, flush with petrodollars, feels "emboldened . . . to pursue foreign policy goals that are not always consistent with those of Western institutions." How true. From the murder in London of KGB/FSB critic Alexander Litvinenko to the blocking of international sanctions against Iran's nuclear weapons program, recent events make clear that Russia's foreign policy is increasingly assertive and, from the American point of view, unhelpful.

The most recent confirmation of this coincided with McConnell's congressional testimony. Even as the director of national intelligence sat before the Senate Armed Services committee, Russian foreign minister Sergei Lavrov was hosting Hamas leader Khaled Mashaal in Moscow—for the second time within a year. The red carpet visit occurred despite Hamas's refusal to recognize Israel, renounce violence, or accept previous Israeli-Palestinian agreements as required by the Quartet comprising the United States, European Union, United Nations, and—yes—Russia.

Moscow's angling for a greater role in the Middle East is nothing new. Its diplomatic overture to Hamas comes at the same time Russia is considering the sale of advanced anti-tank weapons systems to Syria (previous Russian arms shipments to Damascus were provided to Hezbollah militants and employed against Israel in last summer's war). But Russia's outreach to Hamas is particularly strange because Moscow has its own reasons to be wary of the radical Islamist Palestinian group.

In July, Russia's Federal Security Service, successor agency to the KGB, released a list of 17 organizations the Russian Supreme Court had identified as "terrorist." The FSB's counterterrorism chief described all 17 groups as a threat to the Russian state and noted that almost all were linked in some way to the Muslim Brotherhood, one of the 17. Hamas, however, was not listed, though it openly describes itself as the Palestinian wing of the Muslim Brotherhood and frequently features deceased Brotherhood dignitaries like Hassan al-Banna and Abdullah Azzam alongside Hamas leaders on its posters and pamphlets. The reason for not listing Hamas, the counterterrorism chief explained, was that Hamas was not engaged in violent activity in Russia, nor was it linked to illegal armed groups operating in the North Caucasus. But Hamas supporters do maintain a presence in Russia, and the group does express solidarity with Chechen fighters, including suicide bombers.

Hamas operates some 20 websites in a variety of languages—including Russian—to reach key constituencies. The fact that Hamas finds supporters among Russian speakers should not surprise, given the extent to which Hamas identifies with and glorifies Chechen terrorism, espe-

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Newscom / UPI Photo / Anatoli Zhdanov

Hamas leader Khaled Mashaal and Russian foreign minister Sergei Lavrov

cially on its Internet sites and in recruitment and radicalization materials distributed in the West Bank and Gaza.

For example, the Hamas website *Palestine-info* featured a fatwa (religious edict) written by Muhammad bin Abdullah al-Seif, described as the mufti of the mujahedeen (holy warriors) in Chechnya. The fatwa finds that Chechen and Palestinian suicide attacks are both legitimate because they are part of the wars against Russia and Israel, respectively. The fatwa also rules in favor of deploying female suicide bombers, citing the example of the suicide attack executed by Hawaa Barayev in Chechnya in June 2000. Another website, *Islamway*, which focused on supporting what it called the Chechen jihad, also issued calls to support the jihad in Palestine. The site called on readers to donate money to provide jihadists "with weapons and physical strength to carry on with the war against those who kill them."

Hamas radicalization materials distributed in the West Bank and Gaza cite the Chechen jihad as the standard to which Palestinian militants should aspire. In raids of Hamas institutions in 2003 and 2004, Israeli forces found extensive materials—posters, videos, CDs—praising Chechen rebels and leaders like Shamil Basayev and Khattab, expressing solidarity with Chechen terrorism, and indoctrinating Palestinian youth to engage in similar attacks. One CD, entitled "The Russian's Hell," displays scenes from the fighting in Chechnya interspersed with religious messages justifying jihad and claiming that those killed in the course of jihad go to heaven as martyrs. A poster included on a CD found at two different Hamas institutions features Hamas leader Sheikh Ahmed Yassin, Chechen leaders Basayev and Khattab, and Osama bin Laden. According to Israeli authorities, materials such as these were distributed by Hamas at the American University in Jenin in November 2003, at Hebron University in February 2004, and at the Hebron Orphan Asylum in August 2004.

Such materials prove successful indoctrination tools, as evidenced by the comments of a leader of the Abu Rish Brigades, a Gaza-based collection of disaffected Fatah operatives with close ties to Hamas. In the words of the group's spokesman, "Our banner is jihad everywhere, even Chechnya. Our aim is to liberate every piece of land in Palestine, including what is now called Israel."

Several Russian newspapers blasted the Hamas visit, and Mashaal was reportedly refused a meeting with Putin. But Lavrov attempted to paint the visit as a success, claiming to have "received confirmation" that Hamas would cease firing Qassam rockets at Israeli population centers from Gaza. Recent trends leave reason to question Lavrov's optimism.

Over the past year Hamas established its own standing militia—the "executive force"—to rival mainstream Palestinian security forces. Reports now suggest Hamas plans to increase its size from 6,000 to as many as 12,000 members. Moreover, Israeli defense officials recently revealed that Hamas is sending hundreds of members to training camps in Syria and Iran. The operatives enter Egypt through the Rafah crossing in southern Gaza and from there travel on to Damascus and Tehran. Israeli officials are also concerned about reports that Hamas is using the intra-Palestinian cease-fire recently negotiated in Mecca to import and stockpile weapons.

All this comes against the backdrop of the Israel Security Agency's newly released 2006 terrorism report, which documents an 80 percent increase in the number of suicide bombers arrested before they could carry out their attacks. The report notes that approximately 53 percent of attacks in 2006 were executed by operatives from the Hamas-controlled Gaza Strip. Clearly, a year in power has not moderated Hamas, which continues to conduct attacks of its own and does nothing in its role as the duly elected government to stop attacks by other militant groups.

Russia's newfound assertiveness, the director of national intelligence testified, will "inject elements of rivalry and antagonism into U.S. dealings with Moscow." It already has. ♦

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Enabling Kurdish Illusions

Independence isn't in the cards.

BY MICHAEL RUBIN

Speaking before the Senate Appropriations Committee on February 27, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice stepped into a diplomatic minefield when she referred to the Iraqi-Turkish frontier as "the border between Turkey and Kurdistan." Turkish newspapers and television across the political spectrum condemned her remarks. Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdogan characterized her statement as "wrong" and said that Turkey, at least, remains committed to Iraq's territorial integrity.

While the State Department said Rice simply misspoke, Turkish officials have reason to be concerned. In a plan coauthored with former Council on Foreign Relations president Les Gelb, Senator Joe Biden, the Democratic chairman of the foreign relations committee, urges ethnic and sectarian federalism in Iraq, in effect breaking the country into autonomous Sunni Arab, Shia Arab, and Kurdish units. Biden claims endorsement of a bipartisan group of heavyweights including former secretaries of state Henry Kissinger, Madeleine Albright, and James Baker; former senior State Department officials Dennis Ross, Richard Haass, and Richard Holbrooke; and a number of senators and congressmen.

The same day as Rice's gaffe, Biden published an op-ed in the *Boston Globe* saying his plan "offers a roadmap to a political settlement in Iraq that gives its warring factions a way to share power peacefully and us a chance to leave with our interests intact." He is wrong. As French diplomat François Georges-Picot and his British counterpart Mark Sykes discovered after World War I, boundaries drawn in a boardroom have unintended consequences. And even as State Department spokesman Sean McCormack sought to rectify Rice's error, Kurdistan Democratic party leader Massoud Barzani commented, "Turkey, Syria, and Iran should get used to the idea of an independent Kurdistan." Barzani's confidence is understandable. Iraqi Kurdish autonomy already far exceeds his wildest pre-war expectations.

Ankara's decision not to participate in Iraq's liberation lessened Turkish influence in postwar arrangements. Many U.S. officials assigned to northern Iraq were unapologetic in their sympathy for Kurdish nationalism. Col. Dick Nabb (Ret.), for example, the head of the Coalition Provisional Authority office in Erbil, printed business cards with the Kurdish flag. U.S. military officers stationed in Erbil accepted gifts from Barzani. One, facing corruption charges in the United States, chose to remain in Erbil, where he now serves as an adviser to the Kurdistan Regional Government.

Rice's inattention to symbolism further bolstered the Iraqi Kurds' nationalist drive. Rather than reinforce Iraqi unity and demand that Barzani meet her in Baghdad, during her first trip to Iraq as secretary of state, Rice flew directly to Barzani's mountaintop compound at Sari Rash. Kurdish officials painted her decision as an endorsement of their national aspirations.

Barzani and Patriotic Union of Kurdistan leader (and current Iraqi president) Jalal Talabani deserve credit for being tough negotiators. As Iraqi politicians debated the constitution, Barzani and Talabani won the right both to preserve their own party's militias and to veto the deployment of the Iraqi army into the Kurdish region.

But the State Department has been unwilling to meet toughness with toughness. By restricting freedom of movement on the basis of ethnicity, Kurdish authorities have violated the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961. Foggy Bottom nonetheless refused to make U.S. aid conditional on better behavior of the Kurds. On June 23, 2004, U.S. authorities transferred $1.4 billion to Kurdish leaders. Less than a week after receiving that windfall, the Kurdistan Regional Government signed its own oil-prospecting agreement with the Norwegian company DNO, a slap in the face to Iraqi unity.

Once the Iraqi Kurds were flush with cash, U.S. leverage eroded. Iraqi Kurdistan now issues its own visas. The Kurdistan Region maintains separate representation overseas. The Kurdistan Development Corporation competes with Iraq for investment. Barzani's nephew Sirwan runs Korek, the local cell phone company, which for nationalist reasons refuses to cooperate with the Iraqi National Communications and Media Commission, in effect keeping the Kurdistan Regional Government's capital cut off from the rest of the country. On September 1, 2006, acting by decree, Barzani outlawed display of the Iraqi flag.

Biden is correct that federalism cannot be avoided. However, he is incorrect to assume that federalism should be based on ethnic and sectarian division rather than on Iraq's existing geographical provinces. Ethnic division will not bring security. Rather than embrace peace with his neighbors, Barzani now mimics the strategy of the late Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat—seeking diplomatic legitimacy while refusing to renounce violence.

Kurdish television and newspapers are rife with incitements to unrest, often referring to Iraqi Kurdistan as "South Kurdistan," thereby implying that large chunks of Turkey must be "North Kurdistan." Likewise, they place the eastern Syrian city of

Michael Rubin, resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, recently returned from both Iraqi Kurdistan and Turkey.

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Qamishli in "West Kurdistan." The Kurdish flag adopted by Barzani is that of the short-lived, separatist Mahabad Republic, which, with Soviet backing, declared its independence from Iran in 1946. Maps printed on Iraqi Kurdish presses and sold in the Erbil and Sulaymaniyah markets show a Greater Kurdistan stretching from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf.

Just as Arafat transformed the Palestinian Authority into a safe haven for terrorists, so too does Barzani. His administration provides safe haven and supplies to Kurdistan Workers Party (PKK) terrorists who have been responsible for approximately 30,000 deaths in Turkey since 1984. The Turkish government accuses the Iraqi Kurdistan Regional Government of furnishing passports to PKK terrorists on Turkey's most wanted list. Turkish officials complain there are six PKK bases operating in territory controlled by Barzani's party. Just as weapons supplied by the Clinton administration to Palestinian security forces ended up in the hands of terrorists, so too have arms supplied by the U.S. government to Kurdish fighters, the *peshmerga*, found their way into PKK hands.

Barzani places little restriction on PKK travel within northern Iraq. In October 2006, two PKK leaders received treatment in an Erbil hospital; three months later they were photographed in an Erbil restaurant. Meanwhile, the PKK continues to smuggle explosives and carry out attacks in Turkey. Barzani refuses to stop weapons trafficking across the border with his own *peshmerga* militia, and refuses the Iraqi army permission to do so.

Turkish authorities have made countering the PKK their top priority. At the June 2004 NATO summit in Istanbul, President Bush promised Turkish officials a U.S. crackdown on the PKK. The next year, Rice repeated the pledge. But only in September 2006, after Kurdish terrorists detonated bombs in Istanbul and several Mediterranean resorts, killing not only Turks but also wounding more than a dozen European tourists, did the State Department appoint Gen. Joseph Ralston as special envoy to counter the PKK. His appointment has so far been more symbolic than effective. Last month, Turkish foreign minister Abdullah Gül and military chief of staff Yasar Büyükanit met with national security adviser Stephen Hadley and Vice President Dick Cheney to demand real action against the terror group. Privately, Ralston told journalists he does not believe Washington will respond. Turkish leaders rightly ask why Washington can cross borders to chase terrorists, but they should not.

They may very well begin doing so, especially if the Biden plan gains traction. A perfect storm is gathering: For the first time since 1973, Turks face selection of a president and election of a parliament in the same year. Election year nationalism is incendiary. Barzani's rhetoric and PKK terror add fuel. Meanwhile, according to the Iraqi constitution, there must be a referendum by the end of this year on whether the oil-rich city of Kirkuk should become part of Kurdistan. Both Barzani and Talabani call Kirkuk the Kurdish "Jerusalem," but it is an ethnically mixed city with deteriorating security.

Asked during a February 27 Senate Armed Services Committee hearing whether Turkey would "stand on the sidelines and watch an independent Kurdistan be formed in the north [of Iraq] without going to war," Director of National Intelligence Vice Admiral J. Michael McConnell said, flatly, no.

The Kurds underestimate Turkish resolve. Many Iraqi Kurds say the *peshmerga* can defeat the Turkish army in the mountains of northern Iraq—and believe that, in any case, it won't come to that. But in 1998, a similar standoff occurred when the Syrian government ignored Turkish demands that Damascus stop sheltering the PKK. The Turkish army mobilized. The late Syrian dictator Hafez al-Assad had a more sober view of the Turks and expelled PKK leader Abdullah Öcalan, who now serves a life sentence in a Turkish prison. Those in Turkey's political and military decision-making circles from the time said they planned to enter Syria, with or without a green light from Washington.

Barzani also overestimates the meaning of U.S. sympathy for the Kurds. He may believe Kurdish leaders' friendship with Peter Galbraith, a former U.S. ambassador to Croatia, will pay off. Galbraith, who has testified repeatedly in Congress on behalf of his Kurdish clients, seeks redeployment of U.S. forces to bases in Iraqi Kurdistan, in effect shielding Barzani from the consequence of his actions. But the fact is, while Washington would not bless a Turkish operation to attack PKK camps in northern Iraq, it would understand one.

Nor would fear of European disapproval deter Ankara from attacking PKK bases. Too many European leaders have already made clear that Turkey has no hope of entering the European Union. And polls show the Turkish public no longer looks favorably upon E.U. membership. Turkish officials understand that even if they receive no green light from Washington, the only consequence of a cross-border raid would be to force Iraqi officials to seal their northern border.

It would be ironic if, while the surge is beginning to show success in Baghdad, Senate leaders undercut Iraq's integrity. The Biden-Gelb plan may look good on paper. So did the Oslo Accords and, for that matter, the Bush administration's emphasis on holding free elections where they had never before been held. But in each case, good intentions were undermined by the same Achilles' heel: the unwillingness of U.S. officials to adopt a zero tolerance policy toward incitement and terrorism.

Iraqi Kurdish leaders continue to shelter the PKK. Whether their support is active or passive is irrelevant, for there are no acceptable levels of support for terror. Nor is it responsible to undercut the security of a long-term NATO ally like Turkey. Until Iraqi Kurdish leaders expel terrorists in their midst and renounce interests beyond Iraq's border, any congressional encouragement of ethnic federalism risks plunging the region into chaos. ♦

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Scenes from the Gingrich Campaign

Don't rule out Newt in 2008

By Matthew Continetti

It's February 28, 2007, in the poorly lit, dank, crowded basement, aka the "Great Hall," of Cooper Union college in Manhattan, and Newt Gingrich is talking to a sophisticated, well-attired, seen-it-all New York audience. As he speaks, the tempo of his words increases, until he begins to sound as though he is rapping: "We spent *hours* last week on a left-wing billionaire"—David Geffen—"getting unhappy because his former friends"—the Clintons—"didn't do what he thought they would do when he bribed them," he says, "because he's really unhappy about being lied to because he thought surely they would actually do what he wanted when he bribed them. . . ."

It's the sort of rhetorical barrage one expects from Rush Limbaugh or Sean Hannity—or from the old Gingrich, the Gingrich of the 1980s and '90s, the partisan gunslinger who brought down House Speaker Jim Wright and declared war against the liberal elites and made Democrats seethe in fury. But for the *new* Gingrich, the Gingrich who has been painstakingly refurbishing his image in the last few years, who has said nice words about Hillary Clinton and who plugs New York senator Charles Schumer's new book at every opportunity, the aside seems out of character. It sparks cognitive dissonance. What would have once seemed routine now seems jarring. Even impolite.

Yet none of the New Yorkers assembled here seems to mind. All these men and women with serious looks on their faces, their winter coats splayed across their laps or hung from their chairs, clad in somber colors brightened by fine jewelry—when Gingrich finishes his rap they erupt in cheers and laughter. They've done this throughout his speech: after he said, "If we had Sarbanes-Oxley for the public sector, half the bureaucracies couldn't sign any reports because they'd go to jail"—clap clap clap!—and after he said, "You don't elect a president to memorize. You elect a president to have wisdom, to have serious thought, to reflect," and after he said that presidential campaigns "are consultant full-employment processes." Each of these lines receives raucous applause.

The audience likes Gingrich. Some waited in line—*on* line, as they say here in *Noo-Yawk*—outside for more than an hour as dusk fell across Manhattan this chilly evening, hoping to grab a seat to watch Gingrich and former New York governor Mario Cuomo debate the great issues of the day in what everyone's ticket calls a "Lincoln Inspired Event." The two ex-pols were not the only luminaries for whom people waited on line. The host of *Meet the Press*, Tim Russert, who lumbers onto the stage using a single crutch, is tonight's moderator and interlocutor. Author Harold Holzer—who wrote *Lincoln at Cooper Union*, about the great man's 7,700-word address delivered here on February 27, 1860, the speech in which Lincoln coined the phrase "right makes might" and which, according to Holzer, "made Lincoln the president"—introduces the event. And New York executive assistant district attorney Jack McCoy, in real life a guy named Sam Waterston, is in the audience. "I rode the elevator down with Sam Waterston," a distinguished-looking lady with short gray hair and a billowy green scarf tells the reporter sitting next to her. She is all smiles and can barely conceal her excitement. "I said, 'Aren't you Sam Waterston? And he said, 'Either that, or I bear a close resemblance.'"

But tonight is about more than celebrity. It's a serious business, this Lincoln Inspired Event. So says Cooper Union president George Campbell Jr.: "We issue a call to all of the candidates to come to the Great Hall, to put aside their marketing strategies, to put behind them the sound bites . . . to step away from their handlers and to engage this New York audience as Abraham Lincoln did in a *serious* conversation. About the *serious* issues that we're facing. About *critical* foreign and domestic policy issues." So says Russert: "Lincoln called for cold, calculating reason. That is the standard we have set." So says Gingrich: "I believe this country today faces more parallel challenges than at any time since the 1850s. And I believe there is a *grave* danger that our political system *will not be capable* of

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solving these problems before they take our society apart in ways that are *very* destructive.

"And I want to talk about two or three of them tonight," Gingrich goes on, "but I think the larger principle—is—a principle of *seriousness*. And that's what I find so disheartening in watching the current political process—and again, I've been active in politics since 1960. . . . The process is decaying at a level that is bizarre. And it's a mutual, synergistic decay between candidates and consultants and the media. And it's *fundamentally* wrong for the survival of this country. Because the challenges we face are so great."

Gingrich's message tonight is "very simple": "Five words: Real change requires real change." It's time for "genuine, adult conversation," he says, about dizzying scientific advancement and stultifying, oppressive bureaucratic stagnation and decay; about the perils of rogue regimes arming with nuclear and biological weapons; about health care. Nothing excites Gingrich quite like health care. In his view, it's where bureaucracy most plainly impedes technological progress. It's the sector of the economy most ripe for reform. It's the system into which Lincoln-inspired leaders could introduce free-market incentives and state-of-the-art management techniques. "I believe we can get to 100 percent insurance coverage, a 300-million-payer system, much better preventive care, with much less cost, and produce a system that probably 20 years from now costs 40 percent less per projections," Gingrich says, drawing his performance to a close. "But it will be *real change*. And to get there will require *real change*."

"I believe we can get to 100 percent insurance coverage, a 300-million-payer system, much better preventive care, with much less cost, and produce a system that probably 20 years from now costs 40 percent less."

Clap clap clap! The New York crowd eats it up. Some whoop; others applaud politely. Then Russert introduces Cuomo, who seems a little shell-shocked. He has spent Gingrich's speech studying a binder full of papers, onto which he kept scribbling—doodling?—notes. Also Cuomo is under the weather—tonight is the first time he's been out of the house "in any real way" for about a week, he says—and his voice is fatigued. Plus he must not have received the memo about "cold, calculating reason." It's not long before the septuagenarian statesman launches into a rushed, meandering, barely coherent attack on the Bush White House. "While I agree with the speaker that government can be positive," he says, "the *current* government has—been—a—*disaster*." Whereupon the liberals in the audience, who so far have been hiding, cheer.

Gingrich, who is sitting onstage next to Russert, a few feet from Cuomo, is smiling tightly.

"I don't think the speaker could have said it any better or any clearer," Cuomo says. "They're a disaster at Katrina, they're a disaster at foreign policy, they don't know what to do in handling weapons, they've done everything wrong—Homeland Security, it's an absolute disaster. He's right. . . . Mr. Speaker, I think we'll take care of that, on Election Day 2008." The libs are digging it now, and the boilerplate continues: "The nation's sense of community has withered over the last six years." . . . "Government should stay out of the religion business." . . . "If we had the Treasury that Bill Clinton left us, $5.4 trillion surplus." . . . Iraq is "a tragic, calamitous blunder that [Bush] refuses to acknowledge or to end." And so on.

Cuomo's gone over his allotted time, and the conservatives in the audience have punctuated his talk with impolite catcalls and jeers, and the whole business is a pretty sorry affair, something of which Lincoln would not have been proud. As Cuomo takes his seat you get the feeling that he is really here for another purpose, as a prop for the impish white-haired man sitting to Russert's left. The feeling grows more pronounced when conversation turns to the 2008 presidential election.

"Which Democrat and which Republican do you think would make the most interesting . . . candidate?" Russert asks.

"Candidate, but not president?" Cuomo says, "I really don't know."

And the audience exhales, *Awwwwwwww*.

And Cuomo says, "And the reason I don't know is because I don't know who all the candidates are gonna be."

Awwwwwwww.

But Cuomo knows he has to give them something, so he looks over at Gingrich, looks back at the audience,

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and then says, his voice turning soft and serious: "Newt—would make—a terrific—candidate."

There is, believe it or not, a path by which Newt Gingrich could conceivably arrive at the 2008 Republican presidential nomination. The path starts where we are now, with Gingrich not declaring any sort of candidacy and refusing to shed light on his plans. What he has done instead is create a nonpartisan political organization, American Solutions for Winning the Future, that can spend unlimited sums of money under section 527 of the U.S. tax code. American Solutions, Gingrich says, will hold national workshops this September 27—the thirteenth anniversary of the Contract With America—and September 29. Then, on September 30—call it G-Day—Gingrich will "decide" whether to run for president. At which point there still will be about three and a half months before the first actual caucuses and primaries.

Gingrich has a lot going for him. He has taken no apparent steps to run for president—he has no presidential exploratory committee, for example—but still comes in third, behind former New York City mayor Rudolph Giuliani and Arizona senator John McCain, in every national Republican presidential poll. Gingrich also places third, behind McCain and Giuliani, in the RealClearPolitics average of Iowa polls; he comes in fourth, behind McCain, Giuliani, and former Massachusetts governor Mitt Romney, in the average of New Hampshire polls. *Fortune* magazine reported in November that an "internal GOP poll" had Gingrich running second nationwide. The right-wing group Citizens United recently conducted a straw poll among its donors; Gingrich won with 31 percent.

Gingrich continues to enjoy a gut connection with Republican voters. Back in 2005, consultant Frank Luntz held focus groups in Iowa and New Hampshire on the Republican candidates. In a report published afterward, Luntz wrote, "We were genuinely surprised by the strongly favorable reaction" to Gingrich's "speeches and interviews." According to Luntz, voters ignored, or in some cases forgot, the controversial nature of Gingrich's speakership. "The words he spoke were like nothing they had heard from anyone else," Luntz went on. "While he didn't start either session with any measurable support, he ended both Iowa and New Hampshire sessions with the most new converts." Out of office, Gingrich has remained largely insulated from the scandals and debacles of the Bush Republicans. In fact, the 2006 midterm election results could be viewed as confirmation of what Gingrich has been saying for some time: that the Republican party and broader conservative movement have lost their way, and the time has come for a rebirth of the reform impulse that in 1994 brought the GOP to congressional majority status for the first time in 40 years.

The current state of the Republican presidential field also works to Gingrich's advantage. None of the top-tier candidates—Giuliani, McCain, Romney—is entirely acceptable to the right. Nor has anyone among the lower-tier conservatives—Kansas senator Sam Brownback, former Arkansas governor Mike Huckabee, California congressman Duncan Hunter, former Virginia governor Jim Gilmore—vaulted into contention. So Gingrich, sitting in third place in national polls and gleaning free media speculation about his intentions, sucks up all the remaining oxygen in the race. And with good reason. As the primary strategist behind the Republican capture of the House of Representatives in 1994, Gingrich has as much a claim to the "movement conservative" candidate title as anybody.

It helps that this is a multi-candidate race, with no incumbent and with the declared candidates squabbling for the right's support. Over the next six months each of the Republicans running for president will work to tear down his opponents. By opting for a late entry into the race, Gingrich avoids becoming a target—until voters are so exhausted by this already wearying campaign that they go searching for a fresh face. "He'll be a catalytic factor, and in many ways a good one," says Republican consultant Mike Murphy.

Among Republicans, the current wisdom concerning Gingrich has two parts. The first is that, come September, Gingrich will in fact decide to enter the race. "These guys always run," Murphy says. "It's what they do. It's like chimps picking up bananas. They can't help it." The second part is that Gingrich's impact will be limited to the presidential primary debates. Gingrich's understanding of conservative Republicans, this line of thinking goes, combined with his rhetorical powers, may set the terms of discussion and win support, but ultimately voters will choose to vote for either McCain, Giuliani, or Romney. Still, after watching Gingrich dominate the debates, conservative Republicans might just say to themselves, Why not . . . Newt?

"I think Newt's about nailed this," says Republican lobbyist Scott Reed, who ran Bob Dole's presidential campaign in 1996. "But when it comes to having an impact in the race . . . time will tell. This is a guy who doesn't need a big infrastructure. He's kind of a one-man band. He understands how to make news, he understands how to exploit his opponents' political weaknesses, and he's a happy warrior." Most important, Reed says, Gingrich has "always understood how to make a dramatic entry into politics."

Nothing is guaranteed, of course. It's possible Gingrich won't enter the race at all. And if he does, success is by no

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means assured. Gingrich may turn out to be great at thinking about running for president, but not so great at actually mounting a campaign. "Newt has never run for president and has never been closely associated with a presidential campaign," says one D.C.-based Republican consultant. "I don't see how you raise the money to become competitive. Gephardt won Iowa in 1988, came second in New Hampshire, but couldn't take advantage of it because he didn't have the money. If they don't have any money to build on their victory, it won't be of much use."

Even the skeptics append caveats to their predictions, however. You never know. . . . Stranger things have happened. . . . So: There is the chance, however small, that Newt Gingrich, should he choose to run, will wake up one morning in February 2008 the presumptive Republican nominee for president of the United States of America.

And what would happen *then*?

The idea for the Cooper Union debate originated not long ago, during a conversation Gingrich was having with Barry Casselman, a conservative columnist. Gingrich has been studying Lincoln for some time; he devoured Holzer's book and plugged it constantly, and last year he read a book by Ronald White, *The Eloquent President*, about Lincoln's use of language. A Lincoln Inspired Event made some sense. It would allow the speaker to impart the lessons he had learned from his study of the sixteenth president. And it would be an appropriate capstone to what might best be described as a two-year-long public relations blitz, the goal of which has been nothing less than the rehabilitation of Gingrich's image.

"The political process is decaying at a level that is bizarre. And it's a mutual, synergistic decay between candidates and consultants and the media. And it's fundamentally wrong for the survival of this country."

There was a period when Republicans weren't so enamored with Gingrich. By the time he announced his retirement from Congress after the 1998 midterm elections, Gingrich's towering ego—he once scrawled a note in which he described himself as "leader (possibly) of the civilizing forces" in the battle to renew "American civilization"—and his combative, quirky managerial style had alienated most of his caucus. And while Gingrich knew many of the men and women who would assume top positions in the Bush administration, including Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld, during the 2000 campaign candidate Bush had made it a point to repudiate the Republican Congress, saying, "I don't think they ought to balance their budget on the backs of the poor."

Suddenly Gingrich had become the Republicans' prodigal son. Out of office, newly married to his third wife—with whom last week Gingrich admitted to having an affair during the Clinton intern scandal—he was in political exile. But the exile kept busy. He founded Gingrich Communications, which handled his many lucrative speaking engagements. He created the Center for Health Transformation, a for-profit think tank devoted to fixing the health care system. He joined the American Enterprise Institute and became a political analyst for the Fox News Channel. And every so often he would surface—from the depths—and generate headlines: his attack on the State Department in the spring of 2003, his advocacy of Bush's prescription drug entitlement later that year, his disavowal of L. Paul Bremer and the Coalition Provisional Authority in Iraq, his scathing criticism of the Bush administration's response to Hurricane Katrina, his attack on Rep. Tom DeLay and the other K Street Conservatives—many of whom had been his friends and allies—in the run-up to the 2006 elections, and his pronouncement last summer that America had entered World War III.

Gingrich, like many political exiles, is a prolific writer. Always a voluminous reader, in retirement he became one of Amazon.com's top book reviewers. (He's also written reviews for this magazine.) And he has continued to write novels, alternative histories in which the forces of American civilization face down counterfactual adversity and ultimately triumph over evil. He's written two books on health policy in consultation with his associates at the Center for Health Transformation. He's written a book called *Rediscovering God in America*. But most important is his *Winning the Future*, published by Regnery in 2005, a bestseller that doubles as a policy agenda.

Winning the Future is the latest title in what might be called Gingrichiana, a literary genre that began with the publication of the future speaker's *Window of Opportu-*

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nity in 1984 and continued through the then-speaker's *To Renew America*. A Ph.D. in European history from Tulane, Gingrich has made no secret of his intellectual mentors: futurists Alvin and Heidi Toffler, management gurus Peter Drucker, W. Edwards Deming, and Joseph M. Juran; and a shelf-full of military theorists and historians. Gingrich's published writings are a condensed soup of all these thinkers. They are written in the format of management tomes—using headings like "The Five Pillars of American Civilization" and "The Six Challenges Facing America" or the bullet points and short section titles that make *Winning the Future* assume the character of a PowerPoint presentation—but at times read like science fiction. "We have no notion at present what benefits might accrue by interfacing a mentally retarded child and the right computer system," Gingrich writes in *Window of Opportunity*; "in a zero-gravity environment, a paraplegic can float as easily as anyone else."

Depending on one's point of view, by the end of these books Gingrich reveals himself as either a visionary or a pretender, a world-historical figure or a goof playing at the highest levels of national politics. Republicans—and Gingrich—tend to adopt the more favorable view. What no one can deny, however, is Gingrich's mastery of political language, his ability to appropriate words that connect with people's aspirations and fears, his ear for terms that resonate deeply in the mind and heart. *Opportunity, prosperity, patriotic, winning, future, transformation, decay, system, evolution, appeasement, change.* Gingrich combines them with his favorite adjectives and adverbs. *Stunning, dramatically, fundamentally, very*.

"We live in a country that since 1932 has been dominated by the left," Gingrich said recently. He had a specific type of domination in mind. "The language of academics is on the left, the language of the news media is on the left, the language of politics is on the left, the language of bureaucrats is on the left." The Gingrich achievement can be found in his deployment of an alternative conservative rhetoric, a language that, to a certain right-of-center ear, is nothing less than hypnotic. Of course, whether this talent for finding the right words for the right audience can catapult a man into the Republican presidential nomination is another question entirely.

"There are operatives in politics, and there are candidates," says Mike Murphy. "Newt is an operative. Not a candidate."

"Whether it's strengthening our national security and intelligence-gathering agencies," David Bossie explains, "reforming the United Nations, or transforming entitlement programs, Newt Gingrich never stops asking the tough questions." Bossie is the president of the conservative group Citizens United. He used to work on Capitol Hill during the 1990s. But nothing could prepare him for this, the Regency Ballroom at the Omni Shoreham hotel in the Woodley Park neighborhood of Washington, standing at a lectern in front of an audience of thousands of young conservatives—mostly boys, mostly white, a sea of blue blazers and pink jowls interspersed with stolid martial types in uniform—introducing the final, and most anticipated, speaker of the 2007 Conservative Political Action Conference, better known as CPAC.

"Equally important," Bossie is saying, Gingrich "never retreats from confronting tough answers. This, my friend, is leadership." Bossie looks at the crowd, which is standing room only, people tripping over each other to get into this cramped, muggy, shabby ballroom. The kids, with their digital cameras and cell phones, were taking pictures of Gingrich a few minutes before, when he entered from the back of the room and was mobbed like a rock star as he made his way onstage. "Since his time as speaker he's donned many hats: chairman of the Gingrich Group, political analyst for Fox News Channel, bestselling author, among other distinguished credentials," Bossie says. "But perhaps his most important service that he can provide to his country is yet to come."

The conservative swarm is enraptured. A few moments ago, when Gingrich entered, they chanted *Newt Newt Newt*. None of the declared 2008 Republican presidential candidates who spoke to CPAC received such a response. Not Giuliani, not Romney, not Brownback—and of course not McCain, who skipped the conference for some fundraisers and the mention of whose name summons *boos!* from the crowd.

It's the Saturday after the Cooper Union debate, and Gingrich ditches the *serious adult conversation* talk he deployed in New York in favor of some Red-America red-meat right-wing oratory. The first thing he does is invoke every conservative's hero. "We all stand on President Reagan's shoulders," Gingrich says, "and we stand on the achievements of the Contract With America, and therefore, I want to propose, that we add to Governor Reagan's call for bold colors, that we need *bold solutions* based on those bold colors, and then we need to go out to the American people and have an idea-oriented, *positive* dialogue.

"And I want to be very clear here—because I've been active as a conservative a long time—I'm perfectly happy for all of you who want to spend a lot of time and energy to find ways attacking Sen. Clinton. And I know it will make you feel good. We will not—*we will not*—defeat the Clinton machine by being negative, we will defeat the Clinton machine by offering *better* solutions, based on *better* values,

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with a *deeper* reach into the American people's minds and psyche and history, and it is by representing the future of the American people that we will defeat the left, because it can offer no successful future."

The portly fellow toward the back of the room in the Jack Abramoff-like black fedora takes off his hat, the look on his face saying, *Wow!*

"Other than that, I'm not going to think about the presidential campaign until the 30th of September"—G-Day—"for practical reasons," Gingrich says. "We have created an organization called American Solutions for Winning the Future. We are going to be hosting, on September 27 nationwide, workshops aimed at creating transformational change across the entire country. Those workshops will be on the Internet. That is the anniversary of the Contract With America, and here's the principle. . . . The Oval Office isn't big enough. There are 511,000 elected officials in the United States. . . . This is about *big* principles, based on *big* values, to create *big* solutions."

One professional conservative—who's probably attended at least 25 of these annual conferences—leans forward on his tippy toes, absorbed in the scene.

"Liberals don't understand this," Gingrich says. "We have this goose that lays the golden egg. It's called the American economy. It's entrepreneurs. It's science and technology. It's markets. It's competition. It's the most explosively powerful system in the world. We are *dramatically* bigger than China, we are *dramatically* bigger than India, we are *dramatically* bigger than Japan, we are *dramatically* more dynamic than Europe—and of course the answer from the left is, 'But couldn't we be more like France?'"

Ha ha ha ha!

" . . . You know, you too can have massive unemployment," Gingrich says, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "We tried this under Jimmy Carter. We ended up at 22 percent interest rates, 13 percent inflation, the steepest recession since the Great Depression, and gasoline rationing so you could only buy gasoline every other day, depending on your license tag. But since nobody studies history nobody remembers that *we tried all these things. They fail*."

The speech winds on. Gingrich gesticulates. His manner is calm but determined. He starts biting his lower lip whenever he pauses, just like his doppelgänger Bill Clinton. He grows quiet. The room grows quiet.

Gingrich says, "I want to close with this thought, but I want all of you to take this home. When Ronald Reagan came to CPAC in the 1970s, the Soviet Empire was on the march, and the threat was very real. Jimmy Carter didn't believe that. Jimmy Carter represented a left-wing mentality of disarmament and weakness, and as a result the United States attempted weakness in the Middle East. We had a 444-day hostage crisis, we had an American ambassador killed in Afghanistan and an American embassy *burned* in Pakistan, our position was decaying around the world. . . .

"The Soviets had invaded Afghanistan, they had forces they supported in Mozambique, Angola, Grenada, Nicaragua, El Salvador, they were subsidizing a huge peace movement in Western Europe—direct payment, we now know, because we got the records—and people were shattered. And our elites were terrified. And Ronald Reagan came along, and a reporter said to him, 'What is your vision of the Cold War?' And he said, 'We win, they lose.'"

"We have created an organization called American Solutions for Winning the Future. We are going to be hosting, on September 27 nationwide, workshops aimed at creating transformational change across the entire country."

Clap clap clap! Most of the people in this room were not alive during the period Gingrich is recalling—but it's not too hard for anyone to see parallels between that time and our own.

Meanwhile, Gingrich is deadly serious.

"For our generation, a simple translation of that is this: We want America, and America's allies, to be safe, and we want America's enemies to be defeated, and we need a national debate to establish the parameters for that kind of effective national strategy. Thank you and God bless you."

It's not so simple a translation, actually. Nonetheless the audience leaps to its feet.

Newt Newt Newt!

"America the Beautiful" resounds throughout the ballroom. The mood is celebratory—triumphal. The prodigal son, the revolutionary hero, the leader (possibly) of the civilizing forces—he has returned . . . and the countdown to G-Day has begun. ♦

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The Myth of Moderate Mullahs

It's still Khomeini's Iran

By Reuel Marc Gerecht

If the Reagan administration had learned in 1987 that the clerical regime in Tehran was doing what it is doing today, would Washington have approved of preventive strikes on Iranian nuclear facilities? If Reagan and company had seen Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini rapidly constructing uranium-enrichment centrifuges in underground facilities, pushing doggedly ahead on heavy-water research and a plutonium-making nuclear reactor, and spending profusely on the development of long-range intercontinental ballistic missiles that are effective weapons only if topped with WMD warheads, would more of the U.S. foreign-policy establishment have urged our European allies to support severe sanctions to dissuade the mullahs from developing the bomb? Would leading members of the Democratic party, who then controlled the House and the Senate, have been sympathetic to a military response to the mullahs' nuclear ambitions, or would they have argued for another round of engagement, quickly forgetting their disparagement of the White House's and the CIA's 1985 search for bribable "moderates" in a terrorist-supporting state with American blood on its hands?

Even with the Cold War fear of Soviet reactions, Reagan might well have ordered a strike by the United States—probably with the encouragement of his secretary of state, George Shultz, the most farsighted official ever about the dangers of terrorism, and a man not averse to using force in international affairs. The odds are good that many Democrats in Congress would have applauded any aggressive decision—with or without accompanying protests about neglect of the War Powers Act and Congress's monopoly on declarations of war. The Western Europeans might have expressed their dismay at American cowboyism, although the criticism might have been short-lived since the clerical regime then was regularly unleashing terrorism in Europe. Twenty years ago the Western Europeans had not so fully entered their post-Kantian world where soft power always trumps hard. Also, the French and the Germans were massively invested in Iraq, then at war with Iran. The Soviets, of course, would have been furious, their distaste for American unilateralism checked somewhat by their concern for Saddam Hussein. The U.S. ambassador at the United Nations, Vernon Walters, would no doubt have had to live through a public excoriation of Reagan's America as a lawless, aggressive, third-world-thumping rogue state.

Things are obviously different now, primarily because the Islamic Republic has changed. One could see the changes beginning in the 1980s, as the wreckage of the Iran-Iraq war was slowly dissolving the violent love affair that young Iranian Shiite males had had with God and the charismatic Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. But back then it was too early to tell how losing the war would play out on the clerical elite.

For those who believe in "diplomacy first, diplomacy only" for dealing with the mullahs' quest for nuclear weaponry, the perceived changes in the Islamic Republic are what make the dovish case compelling. Khomeini with a nuke, even more than Saddam with atomic weapons, would have been just too unsettling for us to have reposed our confidence in the theory of deterrence. But in 2007, Ali Khamenei, the clerical leader of Iran, his president, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, and Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, the most politically adept mullah of the revolution, seem somehow less threatening, allowing many to accept what would have been unacceptable 20 years ago. Together, they just don't have the right mix of charisma, white-hot faith, unpredictable power, and history to make us, and Iranians, tremble the way we all did with the Imam. If Ahmadinejad were the sole ruler of Iran, then American and Israeli fighter-bombers probably would have already annihilated the principal nuclear sites—even with American soldiers in harm's way in Iraq and Afghanistan. Tied to the other two men, and to the disputatious clerical elite below them, Ahma-

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dinejad just isn't perceived by many (outside of Israel) as a sufficient threat.

Is this perception correct? Has the clerical regime sufficiently moderated to quell the worst fears? Are the "realists" right when they suggest that we can negotiate with the mullahs—at least more intelligently and successfully than we did in 1979, 1985, and 1999-2000, when President Bill Clinton and his secretary of state Madeleine Albright downplayed Iranian responsibility for the deaths of 19 American servicemen and the wounding of 372 others at Khobar Towers in the hope of reaching out to moderates within the regime? Or is such an opening conceivable, a real possibility for pragmatists willing to offer the right incentives to the clerical elite?

The CIA and the State Department absolutely didn't foresee the short-lived "Tehran spring" of Mohammad Khatami, a clerical reformist who rose to the presidency in May 1997. Perhaps the U.S. government is again blind and doesn't see the possibility of a "grand bargain" with a regime that understands the revolution is over and now just wants to be recognized as a regional great power. Nixon's détente with the Soviet Union looks rather thin in its achievements when compared with Ronald Reagan's rhetorical and occasionally covert policy of armed confrontation. But the Islamic Republic and the Soviet Union are not the same country. Perhaps there might be a successful détente with the mullahs, a modus vivendi that would neutralize the menace of their nuclear weapons, their terrorism, and their dubious dealings with the Lebanese Hezbollah, Palestinian Islamic Jihad and Hamas, Iraq's militant Shiites, and Osama bin Laden's al Qaeda.

Let us look at the religious dimension of this problem, and then at its more mundane aspects. Are the clerical elite and their praetorians—the Revolutionary Guards Corps, the thuggish Basij, and the killers of the Ministry of Intelligence—still running a revolutionary enterprise within which they see themselves as the ideological vanguard of the nation and Islam? Yes, absolutely. To a striking degree, the ruling elite has maintained its sense of religious mission, while the Iranian people, especially the young who don't remember the charisma of Khomeini, have gone cold. That the Iranian people remain faithful Shiite Muslims is beyond doubt. A majority may even remain vaguely faithful to the Islamic revolution and still believe that clerics as a class, no matter how despised for their postrevolutionary greed and despotic manners, retain a special, didactic place between God and man. But for the vast majority of Iranians, an Islamic missionary spirit is no longer happily married to the national identity.

For the ruling mullahs and their supporters, just the opposite appears true. The clerics still seem quite determined to see themselves as the elite of Islam, faithful inheritors of Khomeini's most sacred legacy—political power. Yahya Rahim Safavi, the head of the Revolutionary Guards Corps, the radical clergy's indispensable guarantors of the religious order, who in great part shaped the manhood and ethics of Ahmadinejad, put it well when he said: "The geographic heart of the Islamic world is in Mecca and Medina. But, the political heart of the Islamic world is in the Islamic Republic of Iran, and the Supreme Leader [Ayatollah Ali Khamenei] is the flag-bearer of the front of the Islamic awakening and the fronts of the awakening of third-world nations."

This is a basic point, often not seen by Western "realist" commentators on foreign affairs: The seizing of power by Khomeini and his clerical minions was a sacred act, proof that God isn't dead. The maintenance of clerical power in Iran is a sacred mission: It is what separates the revolutionaries from the detested traditional clergy, who wanted to hold government to high ethical standards but also to keep their distance from the corrupting institutions and exercise of power.

For the revolutionary clergy, and its loyal minions like Ahmadinejad, power is Allah. In clerical eyes, the new mullahs, led by Khomeini, drove the revolution. They—not the people, who often were unreliable servants of God against the shah and counterrevolutionaries—are the engine of progress. Khamenei and the ruling clerical elite will *always* thwart the exercise of meaningful democracy in Iran, in part because the people, repeatedly, have shown themselves unfaithful to the religious revolution. Iranians, whose capacity for ferocious religious zeal is undermined constantly by a desire for happy lethargy and little sins, cannot be trusted.

The superiority of theocracy over democracy derives not only from the clergy's greater knowledge of the Holy Law and its special, frequently charismatic role in Iranian history (Khomeini was not the first magnetic mullah in modern times), but also from the Iranian people's craving for satellite dishes and morally debased Western programming. This is one reason the early revolutionary reflex to label all Iranians and foreigners who opposed any aspect of clerical rule "criminals against God" or "enemies of Islam" came back with vigor in the late 1990s, when reformist pressure, partly unleashed by the presidential election of 1997, threatened the regime. The Iranian reform movement in the 1990s was, among other things, a self-conscious embrace of the Western conception of civil society. As weak as the reform movement actually was, it was enough to provoke Safavi to warn that the Guards Corps would "rip the tongues" out of reformers who threatened the Islamic Republic's God-ordained order.

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During Khatami's presidency (1997-2005), leading clerical dissidents like Ali Montazeri, Khomeini's former favorite, and his disciple, Abdullah Nuri, the former interior minister who'd become a provocative newspaper editor, were corralled; Nuri, a faithful child of Khomeini who became the boldest clerical dissident, was arrested in 1999 and mentally ruined in prison. It's worthwhile to note that one of Nuri's most egregious sins, which he committed during his nationally televised trial (the last time the regime would be so stupid as to give a dissident a national platform), was to mock on religious grounds the regime's refusal to restore relations with the United States. Was God's Islamic revolution so weak, Nuri implied, that it could not sustain the reopening of an American embassy in downtown Tehran?

It is astonishing that some Western analysts of Iran, and some senior U.S. government officials, actually believe that Khamenei and his kind—and there are many influential mullahs who are even more perfervid in the belief that America is diabolical—would be willing to restore relations with the United States. Such a restoration would be, as Nuri correctly implied, an end to the revolution as we have known it. For the mullahs and *for God*, this would be an unbearable defeat. Khamenei, Ahmadinejad, and Rafsanjani have no intention of letting this happen.

The idea that the Revolutionary Guards Corps or the Iranian intelligence ministry is delivering weaponry to groups in Iraq without the approval of Iran's leadership just isn't believable.

Although they can be obstreperous, and are politically becoming a force to be reckoned with, the Guards Corps, like Iran's much-feared intelligence service, has been loyal to the clerical regime. There is simply no information anywhere—not even fifth-hand recycled gossip—that suggests the Guards, or as they are known in Persian, the Pasdaran, are amenable to the idea of restored relations with the United States. Just the opposite. Read Pasdaran publications and the speeches (or outbursts) of senior members of the Corps, and the revolution still seems hot and under siege. It's doubtful there is a single mullah in Iran who would dare tell the Pasdaran to abandon its continuing occupation of the U.S. embassy and stand to attention before a raised American flag.

The guardians of the revolution—among whom one counts first Khamenei and Rafsanjani—struck hard against Iranian liberals as well as dissident clerics during Khatami's presidency. These attacks confirm the unchanging religious nature of the regime. Liberals, though they posed no organized threat to the status quo, were regularly murdered, often brazenly. In religious terms, they were seen as a cross between atheists and apostates who openly admired and emulated Western ways. One has to be enormously careful analyzing the commentary of the intrepid and fearless dissident journalist Akbar Ganji, but his suggestion that Rafsanjani had a controlling hand in the organized crackdown in the last four years of Khatami's presidency should be treated seriously. Rafsanjani, the great revolutionary pragmatist, who has probably done more than any other mullah to ensure clerical dominion, needed to ensure the Islamic Republic's balance, which was being unsettled by men and women who wanted to transform the country into something like a democracy. This is why more Iranian dissidents were murdered abroad during Rafsanjani's first three years as president (1989-92) than during the previous ten years under Khomeini.

Many Western observers of Rafsanjani have viewed his attention to more effective administration and his family business empire as evidence that he is a pragmatist who really wants to build a two-way bridge between Iran and the West, but especially between Tehran and Washington. For many Western observers, the cleric who has probably done more than any other to ensure the resources for Iran's nuclear-weapons program was supposed to be the mullah who was going to halt the program—if he'd only defeated Ahmadinejad for the presidency in 2005.

For some Westerners, Rafsanjani and his allies are still the dreamed-of Trojan Horse that would bring more capitalism to Iran and guarantee its admission—if only the United States would allow it—to the World Trade Organization. Rafsanjani would thus become the Iranian Gorbachev, putting the Islamic Republic on an economic slippery slope to greater freedom and responsible international behavior. (Many Western and Iranian observers once embraced Khatami as the Iranian Gorbachev, but Khamenei's greater power and Khatami's political ineptitude, spinelessness, and faithfulness to the country's institutions and elite collapsed this illusion pretty quickly.)

Rafsanjani is the indispensable mullah for those who envision the Islamic Republic as a normal, ambitious regional power. These hopeful souls are untroubled by Rafsanjani's voluminous writings where he shows himself, just like Khamenei, to be deeply impregnated with the idea of an Islam-destroying, globe-trotting, American tyranny that has its roots in the Jewish capitalist domination of the

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United States. For the optimistic, Rafsanjani is corrupt and power-hungry (undoubtedly true), and he is therefore not a soldier of God (undoubtedly false). It is as if Henry Plantagenet, because he was a worldly man with enormous ambition, good business sense, an unrivaled appetite for women, and a brood of independent and sometimes decadent children, could not also have been seriously committed to advancing Christendom's great counterattack against Islam, the Crusades. If Rafsanjani had been a statesman, and not a dedicated revolutionary cleric, he would have tried a bit harder to integrate Iran peacefully into the world; he wouldn't have killed so many of his own people, at home and abroad, or aligned his nation with the Middle East's worst terrorist groups, or clandestinely advanced a nuclear-weapons program, or crushed his former comrades who actually wanted to reform the Islamic Republic. Simply put, Rafsanjani is a modern revolutionary cleric-cum-warrior, serving the cause of Iran and Islam against those forces, preeminently the United States, that are antithetical to his conception of progress.

And let us return to the World Trade Organization, perhaps the favorite hobbyhorse for those who think the Islamic Republic can be tamed economically. Whether or not the WTO can be a soft-power engine of democratic regime change, Khamenei and Rafsanjani, who both backed Iran's admission to the organization in 1996, don't view it as likely to convulse what they consider holy—at least not before the clerical regime develops nuclear weapons. It's worth noting that Iran formally made its application to the WTO in July 1996; the clerical regime, with Khamenei and Rafsanjani firmly in command, bombed the Americans at Khobar Towers three weeks earlier. If there is a contradiction between terrorism and trade, it is one that escapes Iran's clerical vanguard.

Eager to attack the Bush administration, many "realists" and liberals rallied around the "missed opportunity" of a "semi-official" Iranian letter delivered to the United States by Switzerland's ambassador to Iran, Tim Guldimann, in 2003. The letter, never made public, supposedly details how the Islamic Republic was ready to settle all of its differences with the United States—including terrorism, nuclear weapons, and aid to nefarious organizations—if only the Bush administration would listen. No one was so rude as to point out that it was an open secret in the European diplomatic community in Tehran that Ambassador Guldimann was the primary drafter of this correspondence and that he, "a leftist child of 1968," as one European ambassador who served with Guldimann in Tehran told me, "liked the Iranians as much as he disliked the Americans." The "realists" avoid at all cost references to Iran's pre-9/11 dealings with al Qaeda (see page 240 in the 9/11 Commission report), which make Iran at least complicit in facilitating al Qaeda's terrorist operations against the United States. When it comes to Iran today, when we look at the mess in Iraq and Afghanistan, then consider the gut-wrenching option of striking militarily the clerical regime's nuclear facilities, many of us play games with ourselves.

The common and optimistic view that the clerical regime is capable of flexibility is now lethally playing out in our discussions of Iranian operations in Iraq. Without a doubt, the Bush administration could have been more organized in presenting its case against Tehran, particularly with regard to the delivery of explosive devices that have killed Americans. But this isn't rocket science. Principal questions: Is the Iranian-manufactured weaponry found in Iraq available in sufficient quantities in the global arms bazaar? Is there any evidence that groups that have used this weaponry against American soldiers in Iraq have imported other sophisticated weaponry from outside Iraq? Do we have strong evidence of arms shipments from Iran over a protracted period of time?

If the answers to these questions are "no," "no," and "yes," then the case is closed. The idea that the Revolutionary Guards Corps or the Iranian intelligence ministry—both of which have proven themselves overseas to be faithful and lethal servants of the clerical regime—is delivering weaponry to groups in Iraq without the approval of Iran's leadership just isn't believable. This is not how these two institutions work. Over 20 years we have certainly gleaned sufficient information about the hierarchy, rules, and personnel of the Pasdaran and Iran's intelligence service to know that they are not rogue warriors. The clerical regime, following in the footsteps of the shah, likes bureaucracy. Its national security council isn't a social club. When it comes to killing people abroad, the Guards and intelligence operatives do what Ali Khamenei tells them to do. The idea that the Qods Force, the nasty elite of the Pasdaran, is delivering materiel to Iraq without Khamenei's approval makes the clerical regime sound like a banana republic—casual about the security services essential to its survival. There is a reason Khamenei has an ever-expanding private office overseeing both the Pasdaran and the intelligence ministry: When so inclined, he runs them.

The real question for the Bush administration is, When did it learn about these arms shipments? President Bush decided to take a harder line against the Iranians in Iraq in September 2006. Did the administration know earlier that the Iranians were delivering lethal supplies to anti-American Iraqi groups? If so, the administration ought to be scorched not for its bellicosity, but for its timidity. (The

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same question might be asked about al Qaeda camps in northern Pakistan. Is the administration sure of this information? Do we know where they are? If so, then have we informed the Pakistanis that if they don't deal with this problem promptly, we will, through a continuous bombing campaign?)

It's damning if an administration that has defined itself by its vigorous, preventive approach to terrorist groups and state-sponsors of terrorism has reverted to a Clintonian policy of caution where American lives are at stake, doing nothing or too little too late. One must hope that we have conveyed to the Swiss, who look after our interests in Tehran, or to Abd al-Aziz al-Hakim, the leader of the Supreme Council for the Islamic Revolution in Iraq, who knows the Iranian ruling elite well, that America can make life very difficult for Iran, in Iraq and elsewhere, unless these shipments stop.

It's likely that Iran will get itself into serious trouble in Iraq. The temptation to meddle—to try to spread radical thinking in Iraq and create organizations the ruling clergy is comfortable working with, along the lines of Hezbollah—is very great. Like Lebanon, and unlike the rest of the Sunni Arab world, Iraq has a clergy that it may be possible to coopt. The Iraqi clergy could conceivably, if properly formed, fed, and intimidated, see the world more or less as the Iranian revolutionary mullahs do. Clerical Iran in Iraq has a chance. It's not a big chance, given the Arab-Persian and intra-Shiite historical baggage, but it's more of a chance than the regime has had elsewhere since 1982, when Hezbollah started to consume the Lebanese Shiite community.

The odds are that Tehran's mullahs are going to try to pick a winner in Iraq. If the Iranians can "take" Mesopotamia, then they will finally have a substantial opening to the Arab world. Religiously and geopolitically, they will have their day. Iran's ruling elite and their Iraqi friends, along with their Syrian, Lebanese, and Palestinian allies, will then define the anti-American/anti-Israeli rejectionist camp. They could conceivably cause enormous problems for the Jordanians, assuming the Hashemite regime survives the Sunni exodus from Iraq. Ditto for the Saudis and Egyptians. This picture is complicated by the Sunni-Shiite bloodletting in Mesopotamia. But it's foreordained that Tehran would respond by being even more anti-American and, among Muslims, even more ecumenically radical. (Khamenei has always been much more careful to avoid uniquely Shiite allusions in his calls for Islamic solidarity against the United States and the West than was Khomeini.)

Confronted with dissatisfaction and dissent at home, Iran's ruling clergy will, the odds are good, go abroad to seek victories and fulfill their undimmed mission to be God's true vanguard in the Muslim world. The American presence in Iraq impedes this task because it gives Iraqi Shiites a non-Iranian option, particularly in the face of the Sunni insurgency and holy war against the Shia.

If the United States can develop a successful counterinsurgency against Iraq's Sunnis, Iraq's Shiite clergy may grow more independent and open in its internal debates about proper governance and its own role in an Iraqi democracy. Friendly and dependent Iraqi groups like SCIRI may fairly quickly become difficult for Tehran. Right now, SCIRI has no firm idea of what it is. It has had no test of its democratic commitment. It doesn't really know what its relationship will be with Iraq's moderate senior clergy in Najaf. This process of discovery for SCIRI, and for other Shiites in Iraq, may come with speed *if* the Sunni violence can be checked. This could go badly for Tehran. In any case, the Iranians will do what they can to prevent the success of moderate Shiites next door.

We may well be on a collision course with Iran in Mesopotamia. But what the clerical regime and many Western observers have been slow to appreciate is that Iraq raises the odds that Washington (and Jerusalem) will view Iranian actions in Iraq as inseparable from the nuclear question. If American and European sanctions don't make the clerical regime give up its atomic ambitions—and especially if the Iranians gain the upper hand in Iraq—Iraq may well become the factor that tilts the Americans or Israelis toward preventive military strikes against Tehran's nuclear installations.

What should be clear, however, is that a clerical Iran sensing victory in Iraq—victory defined by the withdrawal of U.S. forces—would have no incentive to negotiate on its nuclear-weapons program. The United States should not fear talking to Iran—we have done so repeatedly since 1979. But in the past, we have almost always done so poorly. It's hard to imagine U.S. diplomats being any more successful today, unless the Bush administration underscores its willingness to use force against the mullahs (the exact opposite of the approach many senior officials in the Pentagon and State Department have so far used). If we do this, the clerical regime will certainly respect us more. And unless they respect us—unless they fear us—diplomacy will have no chance. This is Middle Eastern Politics 101. If we don't know this rule—if we unlearn it because of Iraq—the clerical regime will again painfully educate us about what "constructive engagement" means for men who still believe they are the cutting edge of a new Islamic civilization. ♦

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Drafting the Atlantic Charter, August 1941

Hands Across the Sea

America, Britain, and the defense of freedom BY EDWARD SHORT

Readers familiar with the work of Andrew Roberts will know that he is one of the very best historians now working. His books on Lord Halifax, on Churchill and Hitler, Napoleon and Wellington, and Waterloo all showcase his ebullient originality. His magisterial biography of Lord Salisbury, the Tory Victorian prime minister, is a dazzling portrait of a fascinating man whose exemplary statesmanship is too little studied by present-day conservatives. Roberts is also a prolific essayist and reviewer who brings to his shorter works the same rigor and panache that he brings to his books. His sequel to Churchill's work—taking up where Churchill left it—should delight his admirers and win him many new readers. It deserves as wide a readership as it can possibly get.

Edward Short is the author of a forthcoming book about John Henry Newman and his contemporaries.

A History of the English-Speaking Peoples Since 1900 is a superb reappraisal of the achievements and lost opportunities of the "special relationship," which persuasively makes the case that the United States and the United Kingdom are "infinitely stronger than their constituent parts"—a truth that needs retelling at a time when the freedom not only of the English-speaking peoples but of all peoples is so clearly threatened by Islamic fascism.

A History of the English-Speaking Peoples Since 1900
by Andrew Roberts
HarperCollins, 752 pp., $35

Divided, the English-speaking peoples saw their worst reversals: Roberts cites Dunkirk, Pearl Harbor, Suez, and Vietnam. Together, they accomplished their greatest victories: the 1918 summer offensive, North Africa in 1942, the liberation of Europe during 1944-45, the Berlin airlift, the Korean war, the Falklands, the collapse of Soviet communism, the Persian Gulf war, the liberation of Kosovo, and the overthrow of Saddam Hussein. By any standard, this is an impressive record. As Churchill put it:

> The English-speaking nations . . . almost alone, keep alight the torch of Freedom. These things are a powerful incentive to collaboration. With nations, as with individuals, if you care deeply for the same things, and these things are threatened, it is natural to work together to preserve them.

The 19th-century English wit

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Sydney Smith once confessed that he entirely understood why an American might say, "I will live up to my neck in mud, fight bears, swim rivers, and combat with backwoodsman, that I may ultimately gain an independence for myself and children." This is why Smith was what he called a *Philoyankeist*: "I doubt if there ever was an instance of a new people conducting their affairs with so much wisdom." Roberts, too, may be described as a *Philoyankeist*. He writes with unusual sympathy and balance about a people whom many of his compatriots simply don't get.

Nevertheless, he is unsparing when it comes to what he rightly regards as American folly. Jimmy Carter is an easy target, of course, but Roberts is right to excoriate him. There is no justification for an American president responding to the fall of the pro-American Shah in 1979 by warning his countrymen against "the temptation to see all changes as inevitably against the interests of the United States, as a kind of loss for 'us' and a victory for 'them.' . . . We need to see what is happening not in terms of simplistic colors of black and white, but in more subtle shades." Roberts's riposte is unanswerable: The Ayatollah Khomeini "turned out not to be an aficionado of subtle shades." In the last presidential election, Americans heard the same subtle defeatism from John Kerry, the candidate Mark Steyn called the "Nuancy Boy."

Roberts is no more tolerant of British folly. On the 1942 fall of Singapore, in which a garrison of over 110,000 troops surrendered to a Japanese assault force of 35,000, Roberts remarks: "As so often happens in chaotic military debacles involving civilians, there were many appalling scenes in which the sang-froid of the British and Australians completely disappeared, to be replaced by inexcusably disgraceful behavior." In societies where "face" was paramount, this unedifying *sauve qui peut* unmasked the mystique of British rule and heralded the collapse of the British Empire in Asia. Roberts quotes a New Zealander on the sudden demise of the port that Sir Stamford Raffles had established a century earlier: "Seems rather appalling, all that labor and those millions of pounds worth nothing in a few days. Maybe all concerned did their best, but it seems to me that there must have been some rank inefficiency somewhere, after the lessons of the Maginot Line, not to mention Pearl Harbor and the Philippines and Hong Kong."

Churchill, being Churchill, was rather more upbeat about this colossal snafu: "Singapore has fallen. All the Malay Peninsula has been overrun. . . . This is one of those moments when the British race and nation can show their quality and their genius. This is one of those moments when it can draw from the heart of misfortune the vital impulses of victory. Here is the moment to display that calm and poise combined with grim determination which not long ago brought us out of the very jaws of death. . . . So far we have not failed. We shall not fail now. Let us move forward steadfastly together into the storm and through the storm."

Roberts shows how the Munich conference tested the English-speaking people's commitment to freedom. Proponents of Munich often argue that Neville Chamberlain was right to let Hitler dismember Czechoslovakia in 1938 because it gave Britain time to rearm. But opponents argue that defending Czechoslovakia was the *right* thing to do, and might well have averted World War II by preempting the Wehrmacht.

Following Chamberlain's return from an earlier meeting with Hitler at Berchtesgaden, the Lord Chancellor Lord Maugham (Somerset's brother) argued that "according to the principles of Canning and Disraeli, Great Britain should never intervene unless her own interests are directly affected." But Duff Cooper, first lord of the Admiralty, disagreed: Britain's main interest in foreign affairs, he declared, had always been preventing "any one power from gaining undue predominance in Europe." Neither Canning nor Disraeli would have disputed that. Resisting Nazi Germany—"probably the most formidable power that had ever dominated Europe"—*was* therefore a direct British interest.

Of course, Chamberlain, and most of those who would later scapegoat him, thought otherwise. But Duff Cooper held his ground. Speaking of the interview he had with Chamberlain when he tendered his resignation after Munich, he recalled: "I found it a relief to be in complete agreement with him for once. I think he was as glad to be rid of me as I was determined to go." The lesson of Munich could not have been clearer: "Sweet reasonableness is no match for the mailed fist."

Roberts observes that the themes debated by Maugham and Duff Cooper on September 17, 1938, "have reverberated through the history of the English-speaking peoples . . . right up to the invasion of Iraq in 2003. They can be separated into the distinct yet overlapping foreign policy strands of isolationism, prestige, the thin-edge-of-wedge, the domino theory and the importance of coalition." The one strand he omits to mention is preemption.

Most Americans are grateful to Tony Blair for his stalwart support for the war on terror in the wake of 9/11. Yet at this moment, in Britain, Blair is loathed—more, perhaps, than any premier since Sir Robert Peel, another statesman vilified for opposing his party's consensus. This leads to another of Roberts's main points: that the English-speaking peoples, "like the Romans, . . . would at times be ruthless, at times self-indulgent," but they "would sometimes find that the greatest danger to their continued *imperium* came not from their declared enemies without, but rather from vociferous critics within their own society."

Roberts is particularly effective on those vociferous Marxists who still exert a pernicious influence on British education, "teaching Western culture in terms of a series of crimes against humanity." These are the same people who have convinced the British electorate that the Islamic terrorist attacks perpetrated against the West in the last quarter-century have been the result not of Islamic extremism but of Western imperialism. The barbarous relativism of multiculturalism only reinforces

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this state of affairs. Blair acknowledged as much in a September 2006 speech in which he said, "We will not win the battle against global extremism unless we win it at the level of values as much as force. We can only win by showing that our values are stronger, better and more just than the alternative."

Andrew Roberts demonstrates these values in action. Ronald Reagan, he writes, "framed the issue of anti-communism in stark, black-and-white terms, entirely eschewing the nuanced chiaroscuro of détente." Why? Anthony Lewis, a *New York Times* columnist of the day, was convinced that Reagan was determined to instigate a nuclear standoff with the Soviets. But Roberts offers a different explanation. Reagan, he explains, "possessed something that those who scoffed at him did not: an instinctive belief in America's capability to win the Cold War, because of the desire of those trapped behind the Iron Curtain to live in liberty."

What sets *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples Since 1900* apart is its passionate sincerity. Yes, it is admirably researched and enviably well-written; it is full of revisionist fireworks. It is, in parts, laugh-out-loud funny. (See Roberts's animadversions on Harold Wilson's foreign secretary, George Brown.) But it is also a cry from the heart. Roberts believes in Anglo-American collaboration because he believes in freedom. He believes in what Churchill said at the 1943 Harvard commencement:

> Law, language, literature—these are considerable factors. Common conceptions of what is right and decent, a marked regard for fair play, especially to the weak and poor, a stern sentiment of impartial justice, and above all a love of personal freedom . . . these are the common conceptions on both sides of the ocean among the English-speaking peoples . . . Tyranny is our foe, whatever trappings or disguise it wears, whatever language it speaks, be it external or internal . . .

What Harvard would make of this now is anybody's guess, but how refreshing to read Andrew Roberts defend it today in this rousing, brilliant, irresistible book. ♦

Mao's Madness

When the Great Helmsman declared war on his people.

BY ROSS TERRILL

Some may recoil from China's agonies in the 1960s, but there is an important reason to read *Mao's Last Revolution* and works like Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*, the French *Black Book of Communism*, and, from earlier decades, the essays in *The God that Failed*. During the 20th century, repeated wars and tyrannies in Europe and Asia resulted from an overestimation of what politics can yield, never from an underestimation. Every Communist country found that social engineering led to disaster. Most of those regimes collapsed. China changed course in 1978 and now pretends it can reject social engineering but retain the leadership of the social engineers.

Mao's Last Revolution
by Roderick MacFarquhar and Michael Schoenhals
Belknap, 752 pp., $35

"To understand the 'why' of China today," Roderick MacFarquhar and Michael Schoenhals write, "one has to understand the 'what' of the 1960s Cultural Revolution." In a storm that finally discredited Chinese utopian social engineering, Mao ended up a King Lear of torment and doubt. Soon after his death in 1976, the new leader Deng Xiaoping set an anti-Mao direction. The authors aptly say of the Deng era: "If it worked, it would be done." Dreams gave way to nuts and bolts. Half the Politburo for much of the 1980s consisted of people whom Mao had imprisoned or sent to rural labor.

Mao, 72 in 1966, began to thrash about in the face of socialism's disappointments and his own mortality. He sought scapegoats, including his faultlessly loyal number-two, Liu Shaoqi. He beat the bushes to find "enemies" who must have "sabotaged" the glorious hope of socialism. He summoned youth from their cave of innocence, trusting they would possess "more purity and truth" than his (now-detested) colleagues.

The Cultural Revolution, one of 20th-century communism's worst episodes—if not in numbers dead, in misery, cynicism, and utter pointlessness—was not about culture, nor was it a revolution. Mao was in charge of events from puzzling beginning to repressive end. His rule over China was not changed fundamentally by the whole charade. Saturating the nation with "Mao Thought," intimidating the politically incorrect, slyly turning over "bourgeois" colleagues to angry crowds for destruction—it was more political theater than life-and-death battle.

Mao called down a plague on the United States and the Soviet Union simultaneously, defying any balance-of-power theories. He saw the 1960s world as an extended replay of China's own revolution: The countryside (Third World) would soon surround the cities (the West and Russia), just as Mao's farmer-revolutionaries had surrounded Shanghai and Beijing in the 1940s. World politics was turned into guerrilla warfare. Luckily, all this remained largely words.

A feast for the student of China, *Mao's Last Revolution* is a challenge for the general reader. Authoritative and tightly documented, it is rather dense with political maneuver and Communist gobbledygook. But it is fluently written, and it tells the known truth about the Cultural Revolution at a time when the Beijing regime cannot bring itself to do so.

Ross Terrill is the author, most recently, of The New Chinese Empire.

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Art Resource / Snark

Happy, politically conscious peasants join forces with Mao against Japan

Excellent memoirs of the Cultural Revolution exist, including *Wild Swans*, *Son of the Revolution*, and *Life and Death in Shanghai.* But this is the first political history of the event, and neatly combines the yin-yang talents of two authors: MacFarquhar, a British-born senior gentleman of international Sinology, once a BBC journalist and member of the House of Commons, brilliant in political analysis, now at Harvard; and Schoenhals, a Swedish Sinologist, matchless with Chinese materials, author of numerous revealing works on Chinese Communist politics, all done from Lund University.

The book grippingly recounts Mao's unleashing of youthful Red Guards to attack and destroy "the olds" in 1966; the purge of uncomprehending senior Mao colleagues in 1967; a military clamp-down in 1968 on the violent factionalism that two years of harebrained utopianism had produced; an ironic, deadly clash in 1971 between Mao and his top military leader, defense minister Lin Biao, as Mao sank in spirit and flesh; and the surreal arrival in 1972 of Richard Nixon who, ignoring the murder and mayhem of previous years, achieved a historic Washington-Beijing breakthrough from enmity to live and let live.

MacFarquhar and Schoenhals call Beijing's split with Moscow "justification" for the Cultural Revolution. That was true. But the turmoil sprang from a reassertion of Mao's longtime Marxist-Leninist aim of remolding China into a Sparta of the East, weirdly spiced with Confucianism and Taoism.

"If we do our work on men well," Mao said in words that could have come from Confucius, "we shall have things as well." He reread *Journey to the West*, an old novel about a whimsical monkey called Sun who does wonderful feats but later questions them all. Mao wanted colleagues and citizenry to lie philosophically supine in the palm of his hand—if only later to toss them aside.

China is a huge place, with a population and territory larger than all of Europe, and when Mao cried out that civil war was fine, multiple goals were pursued by far-flung individuals and disparate groups with grievances or ambitions. "The authorities told us to take along Mao's 'Quotations,'" said one Red Guard of his travels around the country. "What we did was take a pack of cards and play." Frightful deeds were done against people called "class enemies," including a girl and her grandmother buried alive. "Granny, I'm getting sand in my eyes," said the child. "Soon you won't feel it any more," replied the old lady as dirt rose to their necks.

Communist talk was a smokescreen for jungle behavior. People were tortured for the sin of living in a nice house. Libraries were burnt or ransacked. Language was devalued, as always when authoritarians wield their doctrines. Suicide became as routine as smoking. Cannibalism appeared. People were vulnerable less for what they had done than for who they were.

Xie Fuzhi, the police minister, repeatedly ordered the murder of innocent people: "After all, bad persons are bad," he remarked, "so if they're beaten to death, it's no big deal." But the world

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never summoned Xie or any other high-level exterminator to an international court of justice. Instead, the same Chinese Communist party that ran the show then runs Beijing today.

The grimness is occasionally relieved by the humor or candor of a brave individual. "So you say it was Mao Thought that made you win at table tennis," rasped one wag. "How to explain when you lost?" A fed-up typesetter, instead of wishing Mao "eternal life without end," slipped in type that said Mao deserved "no eternal life without end." He got 20 years in prison.

Happily for the United States, Mao, hating Russian "revisionism," purged those hawks who wanted China to join with the Soviet Union in full-scale support of Hanoi at the height of the Vietnam war. A bizarre result of the Cultural Revolution was that it actually made the Nixon-Mao handshake possible, and, in a parallel way, it made Deng's veiled denial of Maoism politically viable.

MacFarquhar and Schoenhals avoid the mushiness and attachment to moral equivalence that are common in liberal Sinology. They face the evil of China in the late 1960s, dealing head-on with Mao's cruelty. "The more people you kill," they cite Mao telling his circle, "the more revolutionary you are." While many Sinologists condescend to the flaws of the People's Republic of China because of awe for the greatness of Chinese civilization, MacFarquhar and Schoenhals do not. They cast a beady eye on the cooperation of numerous Chinese high and low with the horrors of the epoch.

Unfortunately, they do not nail Marxism-Leninism for its major role in the disaster. Liu was felled as a "capitalist roader," a concept drawn from Marxist class analysis. The thought reform and guilt by association in the 1960s were all in evidence a quarter century earlier in the dusty caves of Yanan, where the Chinese Communist party launched its Soviet-inspired polity. If Mao had *not* grown doubtful of the Soviet way after Stalin's death in 1953, and persisted in the Moscow-style policies of the 1950s, would Chinese "socialism" have somehow emerged? Of course not. It was never going to work, Cultural Revolution or no Cultural Revolution.

"It had always been Mao's assumption," the authors write, "human nature being what it was, that there would have to be successive Cultural Revolutions in the future to revive flagging zeal." Had Mao understood human nature, he could never have stuck with Marxism for so many decades, or tried one last time to kick-start the burnt-out vehicle of social engineering. The futility of a command economy is never faced in *Mao's Last Revolution*. In the real world of human nature, socialism is as unattainable as Osama bin Laden's New Caliphate. As Liu said drily (not cited here): "We started socialism, and everything disappears."

Although exciting things are happening in China today, Mao's communism has not been fully dealt with. With skill and some luck, Beijing has built a temporary wall between economic freedom and political freedom. The Communist party brought both Marxism and Leninism to China. Today, Marxism is largely gone, but Leninism remains.

Under the aging Mao, power's corruptions ebbed across China like an epidemic; today, money's corruptions join in. A dangerous dance, unique in the history of Leninist regimes, unfolds as huge sums of money slosh around with Communist bureaucracy. No rule of law exists to adjudicate the encounter.

How this dance ends will determine China's future for decades. So far, no Leninist regime has ever presided over prolonged economic success, and no Leninist regime has ever come to an end without a political crunch. Could Beijing, having half-buried Mao already, though not roundly denounced him, possibly slide into post-communism with a whimper instead of a bang? ♦

Balancing Act

The Enormous Theorem and the jigsaw of numbers.

BY DAVID GUASPARI

The earliest example of "modern" and "abstract" mathematics—and one of the most beautiful—is the theory of groups. It grew out of the study of equations, but can be understood as a theory of symmetry.

Symmetry and the Monster
The Story of One of the Greatest Quests of Mathematics
by Mark Ronan
Oxford, 272 pp., $27

You might cryptically define a "symmetry" as a transformation or rearrangement of something that leaves it unchanged. For example, a square looks unchanged if you rotate it 90 degrees, or examine its reflection in a suitably positioned mirror. Collectively, the rotations and reflections that leave a square looking the same make up "the symmetry group of the square."

Symmetries abound not only in mathematics, but also in physics. The theory of relativity says that the transformation from one observer's point of view to another's may alter the values of some observations but will leave the laws relating those observations unchanged.

The principle that any fundamental physical theory must possess certain kinds of symmetry has become a scientific axiom, and a tool of discovery.

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In *Symmetry and the Monster*, Mark Ronan guides the lay reader through one of the major mathematical achievements of the 20th century—officially known as "the classification of finite simple groups," but often called "the enormous theorem," because its proof occupies more than 10,000 pages of dense reasoning spread through several hundred journal articles (and never-published manuscripts), with significant contributions from perhaps a hundred authors. For posterity's sake, a project is under way to simplify and unify this body of argument and present it in full detail. Estimated completion date: 2010. Anticipated length: 12 volumes.

The enormous theorem identifies and characterizes the infinitely many *finite simple groups*, which Ronan calls "atoms of symmetry" because their role in group theory is something like that of the elements in chemistry or the prime numbers in arithmetic: Building blocks from which all the groups can be constructed. Eventually, a kind of periodic table emerged into which *almost* all the known simple groups could be fit. Immense labor then proved that there are precisely 26 exceptions—simple groups not in the table and fitting no known pattern.

The existence of the largest and strangest of these, the eponymous Monster, was conjectured in the early 1970s and confirmed 10 years later. Here are some of its Babe Ruthian statistics: The Monster can be represented as a collection of rotations in a space of 196,883 dimensions. The size of that collection, which has been calculated exactly, is comparable to the number of elementary particles in the planet Jupiter. To write it in decimal form takes 54 digits. One is amazed, if not aghast, that the human mind can deal with such complexity.

The Monster also has spooky connections with seemingly remote branches of mathematics and with string theory, an ongoing attempt to unify all the fundamental forces of physics in a single theory. Glimpses of these mysterious affinities can make the world slip out of focus, as the boundary between sober scientific fact and numerological superstition seems to dissolve before our eyes.

It is an understatement to say that Ronan has set himself a formidable task, but to a reader willing to meet him part way, he offers an absorbing tale of discovery. It begins in 1830 with the great Évariste Galois, and chronicles both spectacular intellectual virtuosity and outsize personalities. Galois himself—killed in a duel at age 20—was a combination of Mozart and James Dean who introduced whole new fields of mathematical enquiry in a testament hastily composed the night before his trip to the field of honor.

Bettmann / Corbis

Évariste Galois

Ronan's presentation naturally skews toward things that are more easily explained. So we get a great deal about the eccentricities of Sophus Lie, but only the most glancing account of the deep subject called (in his honor) Lie Theory, from which the periodic table of simple groups derives. Lacking a single theme, the narrative loses some momentum halfway through, but revs up when it reaches the 1960s and remains in high gear as "The Classification" evolves from a pipe dream to thinkability and then inevitability, and the quest to complete it culminates in a kind of international treasure hunt for the mysterious exceptions.

Many of the principals are still working mathematicians, and Ronan makes good use of their own words to describe the circumstances and excitement surrounding key discoveries. A reader may glimpse what it feels like to do mathematics at a high level, the sense of exploring a terrain that is mysterious, surprising, and completely unforgiving.

Much of the mathematics created for the enormous theorem is highly technical, and understood only by group theory experts. As that leaves me out, I have no grounds for suggesting any improvements to Ronan's account of these higher flights. At the elementary level, however, he misses some opportunities by not expecting enough of his audience. Remarkably, he never defines *group* or *simple group*, even though these notions can easily be explained to a willing reader. So, in an important way, the book fails to say what it's about.

The publisher may have scared him off: Stephen Hawking has written that *his* publisher warned against including equations in a popular book—as each one would cut his readership in half. An author is, of course, entitled to aim for the audience of his choice, but I doubt Ronan would deny that he, writing not for money but for love, assumes a special responsibility toward those readers who are willing to do some work.

It is a difficult balancing act that, on balance, Ronan carries off. But a pedagogical slip in a key example is worth correcting. The text says that $x^2 - x - 1$ has no factors. A lazy reader will nod "whatever," and carry on undisturbed; but the ideal reader, with high school algebra book dusted off and at the ready, will be flummoxed when the next page provides the polynomial's roots—since having roots and having factors amount to the same thing.

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A mathematician would immediately recognize that Ronan is using "no factors" as shorthand for "no factors over the field of rationals." Omitting that qualifier, in order to avoid the requisite explanation, was a misjudged kindness.

Ronan can also be criticized for introducing idiosyncratic terminology that eventually comes to seem affected and annoying. "Symmetry atom" is a helpful phrase, but by using it systematically, almost to the exclusion of "simple group," he (a) allows readers to remain ignorant of the subject's standard vocabulary, and (b) must edit quotation after quotation from the published literature and from participants' reminiscences to replace standard terminology with his own.

Another example: Instead of "decomposition" (the standard term for breaking a group down into simple groups), he uses the cant term "deconstruction"—a borrowing that reverses the usual procedure whereby intellectual snake oil salesmen appropriate the terminology of a legitimate science.

The ending of Ronan's story could not be better scripted. The quest succeeds, the summit is attained, and from it new and mysterious regions open out. In 1978, for example, a group theorist named John McKay was struck by the fact that the number 196,884 popped out of an important construction in the seemingly distant field of number theory. It was known at the time that the Monster, if it existed, could be represented as a group of rotations in 196,883 dimensions.

Could this near miss have any meaning? The Monster's character table—an array of numbers encoding information about its structure—had been conjecturally determined, and its leading entries were one and 196,883. The number that caught McKay's eye is their sum; and other coefficients appearing in that same number theoretic construction could also be teased out of entries in the Monster's character table by simple arithmetic maneuvers.

Did *that* mean anything? The well-known, and famously whimsical, mathematician J.H. Conway called the suggestion "moonshine," and immediately enlisted colleagues to join him in its pursuit. What followed might have made a dream sequence from *Rain Man*: First-rate mathematicians massaging, like numerologists, the statistics of the Monster in hopes of generating numbers that cropped up elsewhere. They hit pay dirt often enough to formulate a precise guess, known as the Monstrous Moonshine conjecture, that a far-reaching generalization of McKay's observation would be true.

In 1992 Richard Borcherds proved that the guess was right by calling on ideas from, of all places, string theory. For that, and related work, he was awarded the Fields Medal—an honor always described as "the mathematicians' Nobel Prize."

The Monster's mysteries are far from resolved. Its connections to fundamental physics are, as Ronan says, tantalizing. (Though he overstates the status of string theory. As the string theorist Brian Greene has acknowledged, many physicists will tell you that the jury is still out.) To bring us up to date on the evolving story of the Monster, Ronan says, would require another book. Should he undertake to write it, I have one piece of advice: include the definitions. Readers willing to take on a challenging book will do fine. ♦

Garden State Warrior

The politics of noblesse oblige, New Jersey style.

BY DUNCAN CURRIE

Rarely does a politician who never held national office find his biography blurbed by such an eclectic mix of luminaries. Bill Clinton, Joe Lieberman, Jack Kemp, Ed Koch, William F. Buckley Jr., and George Stephanopoulos all seem to agree that former New Jersey governor Tom Kean has been a model public servant. Clinton calls him "a wonderful man and a genuine patriot." Kemp: "Ahead of his time in many ways." Koch: "An extraordinarily gifted and likable human being." Buckley: "An exemplar of Republican independence."

Governor Tom Kean
From the New Jersey Statehouse to the 9/11 Commission
by Alvin S. Felzenberg
Rutgers, 558 pp., $29.95

That last point is a theme of Alvin Felzenberg's study, which documents how Kean became the most popular governor in recent New Jersey history and went on to chair the 9/11 Commission, thus burnishing his elder statesman credentials. In Felzenberg's narrative, Kean stood on principle, cut a centrist figure, showed compassion for the downtrodden, reached out to African Americans, and bucked the Republican base when he saw fit—all the while maintaining a chummy friendship with Ronald Reagan. Felzenberg has not quite written a hagiography, but he does paint Kean as almost too good to be true.

The author makes no secret of his bias. He served as New Jersey's assistant secretary of state during the Kean years (1982-90) and later became chief spokesman for the 9/11 Commission. Plus, he "worked on most of Tom Kean's campaigns." As Felzenberg admits, he does not approach his material from a standpoint of "complete disinterest." He played a firsthand role in many of the episodes recounted in this book and, thus, adds the disclaimer.

The book itself makes for a rich—though some times dense and slow-

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Reuters / Corbis / Yuri Gripas

Report of the 9/11 Commission, September 2005

paced—piece of history. Felzenberg brims with charming anecdotes, such as where Kean picked up his famous accent and how he personally urged President Reagan to sign a formal apology for the internment of Japanese Americans during World War II. Kean was born into New Jersey's political aristocracy: Among the many legislators in his family tree were his father Robert W. Kean, a congressman, and his grandfather Hamilton Fish Kean, a U.S. senator. Kean went from St. Mark's in Massachusetts—where, says Felzenberg, he acquired his New England Brahmin inflection—to Princeton; after graduation, he served in the 50th Armored Division of the New Jersey National Guard.

But he was inevitably drawn into politics, and worked his first campaign in 1958, the year Robert Kean ran for the Senate seat vacated by H. Alexander Smith. Despite his wealth and 20-year tenure in the House, the elder Kean lost to the Democrat Harrison A. Williams—who went on to win reelection three times before being exposed in the Abscam scandal, and going to prison. Young Tom Kean considered his father's defeat "one of the world's great injustices."

He went on to earn a master's degree in social studies from Columbia's Teacher's College before putting his academic career on hiatus to join the eleventh-hour 1964 presidential campaign of Pennsylvania governor William Scranton, designed to stop Barry Goldwater. (Scranton had earlier balked at running for president but, says Felzenberg, changed his mind after Goldwater voted against the Civil Rights Act.) Kean won election to the New Jersey assembly in 1967 in a season of racial strife, marked principally by the bloody Newark riots. It was in the assembly that he pioneered his centrist, consensus-driven approach, which would one day boost his appeal as governor. On the heels of the Newark meltdown he took the lead in promoting a hefty urban aid program, and in 1972 he ascended to speaker at age 36, the youngest in New Jersey history.

But the unusual circumstances of his ascension—it hinged on a deal Kean made with a few renegade Democrats—left many Democrats fuming. To succeed as speaker, writes Felzenberg, Kean once again applied his third-way style, "but with a different twist. This time . . . he would cut a path not between liberal Democrats and conservative Republicans but between competing factions of Democrats."

His "crowning achievement as speaker," writes Felzenberg, was decidedly liberal: "steering to passage the Coastal Area Facility Review Act, to prevent industries considered most likely to increase pollution from locating along the state's coastline." Environmentalism would remain a Kean passion throughout his career, which suffered its first major setback in 1977, when he ran for governor and lost the Republican nomination to the state senate minority leader. Four years later Kean won—but not on Election Night. His margin of victory over Democratic congressman Jim Florio was so close (less than 2,000 votes) that Florio demanded a recount, and the whole process dragged on for several weeks. The recount affirmed Kean's narrow triumph over a Democrat who had relentlessly tied Kean to Ronald Reagan and cast him as too conservative for New Jersey.

In fact, despite splitting with the president on social issues such as school prayer and abortion—and despite having backed Gerald Ford in the 1976 GOP primary—Kean became warm friends with Reagan, whose large stable of Democratic supporters helped him carry New Jersey twice. "Ronald Reagan genuinely liked Tom Kean," Ken Duberstein, Reagan's last chief of staff, told Felzenberg. "He would love going to New Jersey just so he could discuss policy with Tom Kean."

Of course, compared with Reagan, Kean was no conservative. But in New Jersey, writes Felzenberg, "Kean was the most conservative governor the state had seen since the 1950s." Conservatives inside and outside the Reagan White House lauded his efforts on education and welfare reform, and though Kean criticized Reagan over

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various proposed budget cuts, he was a stalwart supporter of the administration's foreign policy in such hot spots as Nicaragua (aid to the contras) and Libya (the 1986 bombing raid). Closer to home, Kean leaned rightward on taxes, regulation, and the death penalty.

His approval rating soared to 80 percent by November 1985, when he won reelection with 68 percent of the vote, including a remarkable 62 percent of the black vote. In early 1986 *Newsweek* named him one of the five best governors in America, along with Bill Clinton of Arkansas. In 1988 Kean delivered the keynote address to George H.W. Bush's "kinder, gentler" GOP convention in New Orleans, with Newt Gingrich calling Kean a "brilliant, creative governor who has applied conservative values and created a compassionate, fundamentally Republican record."

In the 1990s Kean served as president of Drew University, and Bill Clinton tapped him for a pair of bipartisan commissions: one on entitlement and tax reform in 1994, the other on race relations in 1997. But his true return to national—and now international—prominence came after the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. As co-chairman of the 9/11 Commission, Kean faced a daunting task: establishing what caused the intelligence breakdown before 9/11, and proposing ways to avert future terrorism. Dismissing him as "a former governor little schooled in defense and foreign affairs," the *Wall Street Journal* complained that Kean was "apparently oblivious to the political hardball being played around him." The Bush White House found itself playing defense over testimony, document requests, and the commission's deadline.

For readers outside of New Jersey, Felzenberg's chapter on the 9/11 Commission may seem considerably more relevant than the previous 400 pages. Still, those pages offer unprecedented access to one of the most popular Republicans of his time—an unusually successful governor whose story deserves telling. ♦

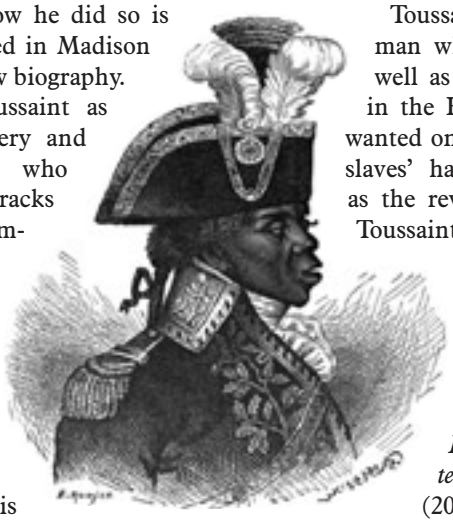
Black Napoleon

The rise and fall of Haiti's liberator.

BY DIANE SCHARPER

Toussaint Louverture, a former slave, declared himself commander in chief of the French army in Saint Domingue (modern-day Haiti), even though he was ostensibly at war with France. How he did so is adroitly explained in Madison Smartt Bell's new biography.

Bell sees Toussaint as a man of mystery and contradiction, who covered his tracks to protect himself. Toussaint's own memoir is more like a defense prepared for a trial that never took place than an unbiased look at his life. Two memoirs written by Toussaint's son, Isaac, depend on his father's recollection of events, memories fashioned to enhance Toussaint's image of himself.



Bettmann / Corbis

Toussaint Louverture
A Biography
by Madison Smartt Bell
Pantheon Books, 352 pp., $27

The man known as Toussaint Breda was born, as his name would suggest, on All Saints' Day (November 1), probably in 1745. His surname was taken from the Breda Plantation, where he is believed to have worked as a slave. Others think he worked in Jesuit hospitals, where he learned European medicine. A practitioner of voodoo and a devout Roman Catholic, Toussaint changed his last name to Louverture, which Bell thinks has voodoo implications. Never handsome, Toussaint was attractive to women because of his knowledge, power, and wealth. He was proficient in French and Latin, and practiced veterinary medicine.

Toussaint was a freed black man who owned slaves as well as property, and early in the Haitian slave revolt, wanted only to ameliorate the slaves' harsh treatment. But as the revolution intensified, Toussaint came to believe all slaves should be free. Since Bell has visited that territory in his fictional trilogy—*All Souls' Rising* (1995), *Master of the Crossroads* (2000), and *The Stone that the Builder Refused* (2004)—this nonfiction account seems somewhat anticlimactic. Yet it dramatizes a significant period signaling the end of slavery in the Americas, leading to our own civil war.

Bell believes that the motive for the American Revolution was economic, but the ideals of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness inspired the French, who initiated a class revolution proclaiming the rights of all men. Of course, the French understood "all" to mean whites only.

But in Saint Domingue, the French half of Hispaniola, the concept was taken literally.

Begun in 1791 in the northern sugar plantations, the slave revolt spread so rapidly that by 1794 almost all slaves

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were planning a military strategy to obtain freedom. From 1793 to 1801, Toussaint formulated and successfully carried out that strategy. By 1797, he had outmaneuvered the French, beaten the Spanish, and repelled the British. In 1801, he promulgated a constitution that, while keeping the country part of the French empire, gave him absolute power, made him governor for life, and granted freedom to black men.

This enraged the French, who, as Bell puts it, had not brought half-a-million "savages" to the colonies to establish them as French citizens. In 1802, Napoleon's brother-in-law kidnapped Toussaint and had him taken to prison in the French Alps, where he died in 1803 from malnutrition.

An opportunist, Toussaint had sided at different times with the French, British, and Spanish during the revolution, but sent numerous letters to Napoleon pledging his unwavering fidelity to France.

Napoleon neither read Toussaint's letters nor responded to them, leading to this book's ultimate irony. In his twilight years, from the prison of St. Helena, Napoleon reproached himself for his handling of the slave revolt of Saint Domingue: "I should have contented myself to govern it through the intermediary of Toussaint," he wrote.

But he didn't, and in a little more than ten years, Saint Domingue went from being the world's biggest sugar producer and the Pearl of the Antilles to a wasteland of torched cities and wholesale slaughter. The devastation was so great, Bell suggests, that the island has yet to recover. Meanwhile, Jean-Jacques Dessalines, Toussaint's second in command, helped by the Europeans' poor resistance to mosquito-born diseases such as yellow fever and malaria, routed the French army, and on January 1, 1804, proclaimed independence for Haiti—returning the country to its original Indian name, land of mountains.

All of which brings to mind the Haitian proverb "Behind the mountains are more mountains," adding a note of poetic justice to this account of an enigmatic man who left almost no visible tracks. ♦

Unhappy Ending

A serial killer beats the cops and the press.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

Zodiac is about a failure—the failure to capture a serial killer who terrorized Northern California at the end of the 1960s and into the '70s. This is one of the most unusual true-crime movies ever made, a three-part episode of *Law and Order* in which the investigation takes decades and nothing ever comes to trial. It features a frightening climactic scene with an investigator menaced in a basement by a potential villain, but it turns out that the potential villain had nothing to do with the crimes. The film does finger a suspect as "the Zodiac," and yet that suspect is never brought to justice. An end title undercuts what little satisfaction *Zodiac* has offered by pointing out that there is no forensic evidence to support the movie's conclusion.

Zodiac
Directed by David Fincher

So why would you want to see such a movie? By all accounts, you don't. It was hammered in its first week at the box office, despite enthusiastic reviews. And that's too bad, because *Zodiac* is really, really good. Middlebrow critics of an earlier era used to commend films for being "thought-provoking," which was precisely the sort of mind-deadening praise that drove that sort of eat-your-spinach movie criticism out of business. But "thought-provoking" is exactly the right word to describe *Zodiac*, a movie that causes one to reflect on whether it's unreasonable to expect that every mystery can be solved, every crime can be punished, and justice will prevail.

Zodiac follows two major investigations. The first is conducted by the San Francisco police and led by the charmingly eccentric Det. Dave Toschi (Mark Ruffalo). The other is undertaken by the *San Francisco Chronicle* and its drunk and druggie lead reporter Paul Avery (Robert Downey Jr.). Toschi is overwhelmed by leads he cannot possibly track down. Avery gets nowhere until the paper's naive young cartoonist Robert Graysmith (Jake Gyllenhaal) starts taking a ghoulish interest in the matter.

Police officers in four California counties do their best to track down leads and investigate potential suspects during the murder spree. And yet they are hamstrung, time and again, by little mistakes that give the killer all the time and space he needs to escape capture. In the crucial minutes after the Zodiac murders a cab driver, the San Francisco police department tells all available officers to be on the lookout for a black man—and so when two cops see a white man walking away, they don't stop him. Crime scenes are contaminated by inexperienced officers who don't know how to handle evidence. The various police departments can't coordinate in good time because they have to rely on the postal service rather than those newfangled fax machines that only San Francisco's PD owns.

Almost nothing goes right here, and that's what makes *Zodiac* such a fascinating piece of work. We're entirely unused to seeing a movie about cops and reporters in which

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Warner Bros. Ent. / Paramount Pictures

Jake Gyllenhall, Robert Downey Jr.

their efforts are stymied by pointless bureaucratic games, bad spur-of-the-moment decisions, and sheer garden-variety incompetence. And yet that is the way the world actually works.

In part, the cops and reporters were undone by a phenomenon that was distressingly new at the time and distressingly far less so now: the unrestrained psychotic who actually advertises his evil. The letters written by the Zodiac killer to the *San Francisco Chronicle* and other newspapers sent Californians into paroxysms of terror. His threat to take out a schoolbus full of children paralyzed the nation's most populous state for months. And once his coded messages had their cipher broken (not by the CIA, which tried, but by a retired math teacher), they were even more chilling: "When I die I will be reborn in paradise and all I have killed will become my slaves. I will not give you my name because you will try to slow down or stop my collecting of slaves for my afterlife."

The Zodiac came to light almost exactly at the same moment that Charles Manson's gang of psychopaths slaughtered the pregnant actress Sharon Tate and four others in Los Angeles. The depravity involved—the act of assaulting and torturing complete strangers to scratch some demonic itch—was like nothing anyone had ever seen before.

The movie's depictions of the Zodiac's monstrous crimes are distressing and upsetting in exactly the right way. There's no comedy or titillation in them, no perverse pleasure to be taken in their execution, as there is in so many scenes of deliberate murder. There is just a kind of blank and pervading horror. That's especially impressive considering that the director of *Zodiac* is David Fincher, whose serial-killer movie *Seven* set the disgusting standard for boy-that's-some-really-cool-torture-and-killing scenes. It's almost as though Fincher is offering an implicit apology for the use of graphic murder as a form of visceral titillation in *Seven*.

Zodiac can't wrap things up for us because that's not what happened in real life. Closure is what we get from the movies—from *Dirty Harry*, the first movie to borrow from the Zodiac killings, in which Clint Eastwood's enraged San Francisco cop first shoots the killer to get him to drop a child he's holding hostage, and then finishes him off. *Dirty Harry* is an immensely satisfying movie; *Zodiac* is an unsettling one. In a lifetime of moviegoing, there should be room for both kinds. ♦

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"I had terrific stamina. I could cut for 14 hours a day without a break" [said] Vidal Sassoon, 78, on his early years, to Britain's Sunday Telegraph.
—New York Post, *February 21, 2007*

Parody

as Big Ben chimed one and the moon hung low over Swinging London. Even Carnaby Street was dark and deserted, the occasional stray miniskirt or polka-dot blouse blown across its carpeted pavement by the autumn breeze.

But at Sassoon's salon, night was turned into day. The bright strobe lights bounced off the humming dryers, and the parquet floor was strewn with blonde, brunette, auburn tresses. Even at this hour, they stood in line to be cut—to be shaped, styled, trimmed, and permed, to be transformed from Girls into Birds—as the thump of Herman's Hermits echoed along the walls.

She stood by Vidal's chair: One hand on its arm and the other in his hand. It was Lulu. There had been a late shoot on the set of *To Sir, With Love* and Poitier had told her the hair needed some work. Vidal took her in, and considered every inch. Her ears were soft like creme rinse, the cheeks were pink as plastic rollers. This was a head, he thought, with possibilities. With one swift motion he pushed her into the chair, wrapped her in a sheet, flourished his scissors, and set to work.

The hands curled, they primped, they fluffed, they cut along the sensuous edge of her bangs. Vidal was perspiring; but sweat, as he told each apprentice, was the friend of the stylist. Snipping one last strand from her neck, he panted with exhaustion, wiped his brow, and twisted Lulu's transformed head toward the mirror. She gazed and gaped, sighed and gulped, and moved her Sassy Red lips like electric clippers.

"You're an animal," she muttered.

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